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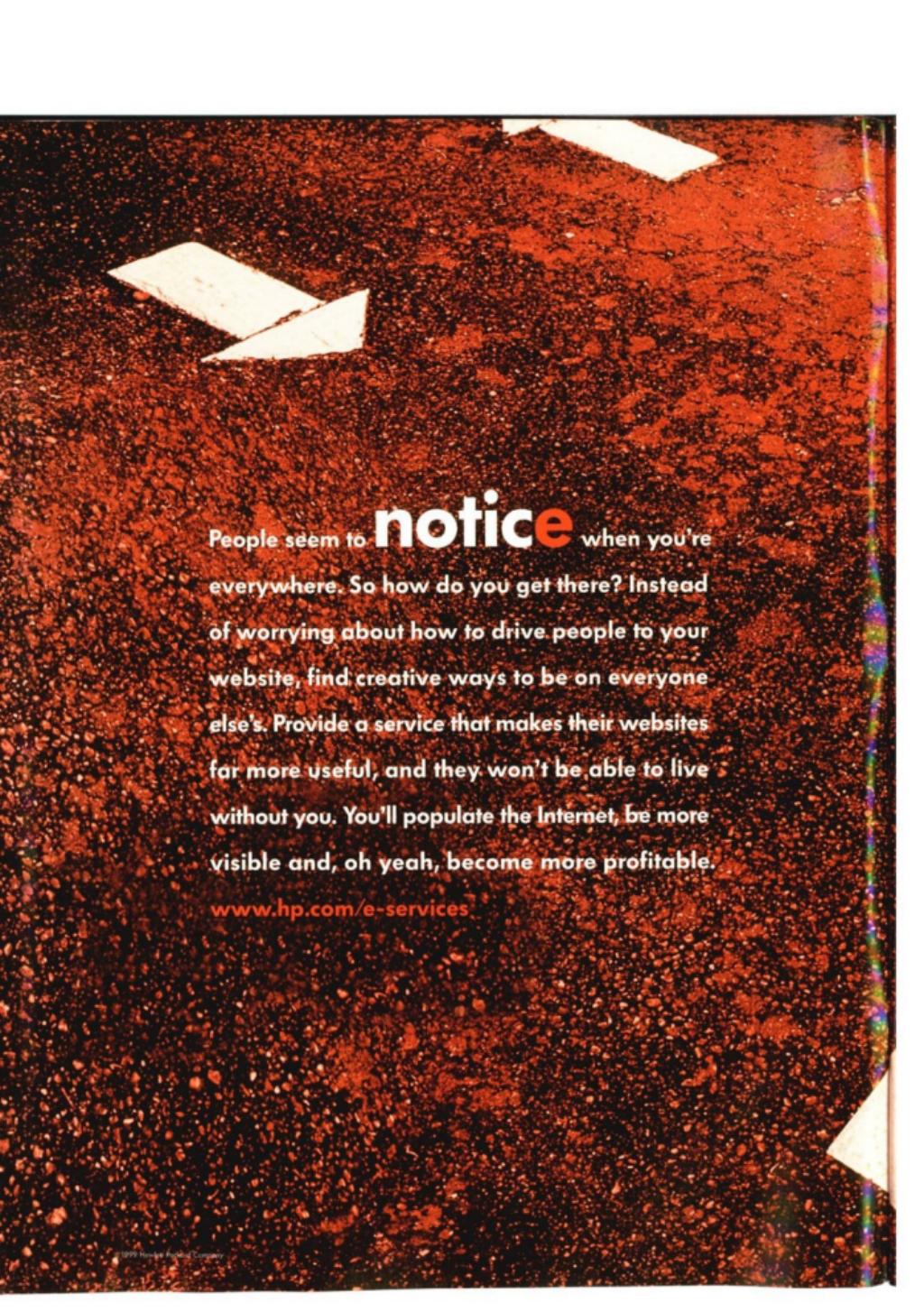
KIDS

Year-round play.
Summer clinics.
Pushy parents.
Is this too much
of a good thing?



Chase Austin Ross, 7, of suburban Denver





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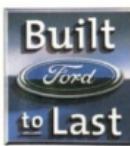
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Trying Separation: Gore wants some distance from his boss (see NATION)

DINA WALKER FOR TIME



What Child's Play? It's not all fun and games if Mom and Dad are into it big time (see COVER)



Scary Summer: *The Haunting* is just one of the spine tinglers (see THE ARTS)

FRANK MASI/AMERICA'S CINEMA

CONTRIBUTORS**LETTERS****AMERICAN SCENE:** Meet the maestro of East Harlem**NOTEBOOK****JOEL STEIN** looks back on his youth**NATION****WHITE HOUSE: Cracks in the Marriage**Gore and Clinton star in their version of *The Seven Year Itch*
Budget Surplus: How to spend \$5.9 trillion**CAMPAIN 2000: Money, Money, Money**

Bush is the fund-raising champ. Guess who's first among Dems?

VIEWPOINT: Why Hillary's Going to Win

Lance Morrow on how her celebrity will take all of New York

CRIME: Taking It Out on the Child

How mourning for a father led to the murder of a son

Justice: Is this any way to treat a serial baby killer?**GEORGIA: They Came from Outer Space**

Nuwaubians are raising havoc in the little town of Eatonton

WORLD**YUGOSLAVIA: Down with Slobodan**

Washington's latest tactics for going after Milosevic

Propaganda: The strongman's machine is working hard**KASHMIR: Battle for the Top of the World**

A Pakistani soldier explains how he helped start the fighting

Books: *Can Asians Think?* has the diplomatic world talking**BUSINESS****TECHNOLOGY: I Want My MP3**

The music industry goes with the flow—with one condition

INTERNET: The Automated Market of Markets

BizBots may revolutionize in-house purchasing systems

WORKPLACE: Attack of the Permatemps

Highly skilled temps who work full time want bosses to pay up

MEDICINE: When the Poorest Have AIDS

Some countries risk U.S. ire to get desperately needed drugs

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY**ENVIRONMENT: Mountain Fever**

Summer climbers are loving the Colorado Rockies to death

COVER: The Games Kids Play

Intense parents are leading their children to intense sports—hyperorganized, hypercompetitive and all consuming.

What ever happened to just letting the kids have fun?

Inner Cities: Soccer moms aren't found in the hood**SPORT: The Daughter of Dr. J.**

A teen makes Wimbledon history and gets her dad to notice

THE ARTS**CINEMA:** With big stars and high concepts, the new horror

films aim for moviegoers' most vulnerable spot: the mind

Will Smith and Kevin Kline in a wild, wild waste**Arlington Road** veers off in the wrong direction**MUSIC:** Springsteen is back with the E Street band**TELEVISION:** A new soap aims to be a kind of lusty *X-Files***BOOKS:** Andrew Ferguson pays a belated visit to E.B. White**ART:** An American creates a stir at the Venice Biennale**SHORT TAKES:** *American Pie*, Eric Rohmer, nutty chefs**PERSONAL TIME****YOUR MONEY:** James J. Cramer on Greenspan watching**YOUR FAMILY:** Amy Dickinson discovers the V chip**YOUR HEALTH:** Christine Gorman's good heart-valve news**PEOPLE:** Faulkner's rejected story; poor Elton John**ESSAY:** Molly Ivins on America the lovable**COVER:** Photography for TIME by William R. Salazar—NewSport

INSET: Photography by Ron Edmonds—AP

SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

Insuring the times of your life: *The young family*

Even people who are generally savvy when it comes to managing their money may overlook an essential component of a balanced financial plan—life insurance. If anyone is dependent on your income, you probably need life insurance. This is particularly true of young families.

Young couples just starting out in life have big dreams, but they also have big financial challenges. With all the talk of rising home prices and the need to save early and often for retirement, young families are saving and investing like never before. But what happens if you die before your dream house is paid off or before you've saved enough money to finance your child's education? What many people don't realize is that a financial plan without insurance is nothing more than a savings and investment plan that dies when you do.

I Do. I Do. You Better!

Driving away from the reception in a blue convertible with balloons flapping in the wind, you're headed

for a bright future. Enjoy these early carefree days, but make sure you talk to an insurance professional sometime soon; now that you're financially dependent on one another. As a married couple, you share a life together, but you also share each other's financial

obligations. What if one of you were to die tomorrow? Even if the surviving spouse has an income, would that person be able to pay off debts such as credit-card balances and car loans, let alone cover the monthly rent and utility bills?

Moving Stories

When you both finish signing that huge check, your real estate agent hands you the keys to a brand-new house on the cutest treelined street in town.

Mortgage payments are a little daunting. Now is the time to make sure you've thought ahead. What if the worst were to happen and you died? Could your spouse manage the mortgage payments without you? What about monthly maintenance, utilities and unforeseen repairs — not to mention property taxes? How long would your spouse have before your dream house was back up for sale?



Building Blocks

Congratulations on your third wedding anniversary! It's time to start thinking about whether to wallpaper the extra bedroom in pink or blue — your first child is on the way. With your growing family, you're probably doing all you can to save and invest for the future. But is that enough? You have big plans for your kids and want to see them realize their hopes and dreams. It's hard enough to make that happen with you in the picture. What if you or your spouse — or both of you — were suddenly out of the picture? From diapers to diplomas, would there be enough income to pay for day care, a college education and everything in between?



Whatever stage of life you're in, life insurance can help secure your family's financial future. If you're like most people, you probably don't know how much life insurance you need or what kind you should buy. Because everyone's needs are different, the best way to develop a plan that's right for you is to talk with an insurance professional. Proper planning can guarantee a secure financial future for you and your loved ones, no matter what happens.

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"It broke my heart to hear my daughter Dorsey say she wished her daddy was still here. But thanks to his foresight, we'll still have the things he worked for."

Dorsey Hoskins' father Bryan felt a tingling in his arm. The diagnosis—an inoperable brain tumor. He died six months later, at 33, leaving his wife Dean alone to raise Dorsey and her sister Hattie.

Fortunately, Bryan bought life insurance when he got married, and again when his daughters were born.

Dean invested the proceeds in her own clothing store, which gives her the flexibility to spend more time with her children.

Are you prepared? Without insurance, your financial plan may be just a savings and investment program that dies when you do. An insurance agent or other financial professional can help you create a plan that will continue to provide for the ones you love.

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Dorsey Hoskins

C O N T R I B U T O R S

JAMES GILLUM FOR TIME



ANDREW FERGUSON, A TIME CONTRIBUTOR SINCE 1996, CAN draw upon his experience as a presidential speechwriter when he writes about politics. But this week he draws upon his experience as a father of two—Gillum, 8, and Emily, 6—for our cover story on kids' athletics. Earlier this spring, Dad spent every Saturday driving his players to the ballpark, cheering and, when the ball machine was down, subbing his writing arm for the Iron Mike. He is no rookie, though. "In grade school I played a lot of sports," he says. "The difference is, we would just bring our friends and some equipment and play." He retired from sports in high school and switched from imitating Mickey Mantle to E.B. White, to whom he pays tribute in another article in this issue.

MICHAEL LEWIS



RICHARD WOODBURY, OUR DENVER-BASED CORRESPONDENT, trudged through mud fields and scrambled up rocks to report on the crowding of Colorado's highest peaks. "It's easy to follow in the footsteps of others who have created paths and broaden their trails," says Woodbury, with allusion to the growth of the West in general, which he writes about often. "Unfortunately, widening contributes to erosion and drainage problems." Though an avid jogger based in the Mile High City since 1994, Woodbury admits he was winded by the time he reached the top of Mount Bierstadt, where he spent a very windblown hour interviewing hikers at 14,060 ft. And did we mention his aversion to heights? Never mind. He said the hard part was coming down.

THOMAS PANTIN



MOLLY IVINS MAY HAIL FROM THE LONE STAR STATE, BUT SHE loves the Stars and Stripes. In her syndicated column for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, Ivins stands her ground against critics of popular American culture. "I'm not sure it's the greatest country, but it's certainly the most fun," says the Austin-based TIME contributor, a three-time Pulitzer Prize finalist, whose essay this week celebrates America's "world-class" eccentricities. She says her more than 20 years covering Texas politics qualifies her to write about American culture because "Texas is like any other place, only more so." Oddly, Ivins, who calls Janet Reno her "fashion goddess," does not see herself as eccentric: "I'm as normal as apple pie; it's other people who are strange."

TED THAL FOR TIME



NADYA LABI WORKED IN A RURAL SCHOOL IN SOUTH AFRICA, teaching English and conducting the girls' choir, before joining TIME International in 1995. Now a staff writer at TIME, she tells a story this week about a music teacher in New York City who works with underprivileged children, selected by lottery, at public schools. Labi used to study violin, but says her "fingers could never quite master the vibrato." She became a journalistic prodigy instead, mastering subjects ranging from grief counseling to the Tae-Bo phenomenon. But Labi, who sang soprano in choir as an undergraduate at Harvard, has not given up on music. "The kids at the school showed such heart, it made me want to pick up the violin again," she says. "Maybe I'll work on that vibrato."

STEVE LISA FOR TIME

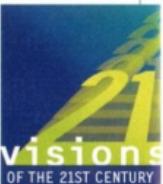
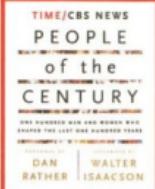


DOUGLAS WALLER, A FORMER CONGRESSIONAL STAFF MEMBER, knows the defense industry from the inside out, having reported on everything from the U.S. invasion of Panama to the plan to thwart Osama Bin Laden. To bring us this week's story on the U.S. plot to oust Slobodan Milosevic, Waller, our State Department correspondent, canvassed officials in the intelligence community and the State Department, as well as nongovernment agencies that provide aid overseas. "No one person has all the information," he says. "There is not a silver bullet of a source." His experience suggests that covering the diplomacy to end a war can be as harrowing as covering the war itself, though he concedes it is "a heck of a lot less dangerous." He does like adventure, however; for his last book, *Air Warriors*, he flew with Navy pilots for two years.

C O M I N G T H I S F A L L

WITH LAST MONTH'S SPECIAL ISSUE ON Heroes and Icons, we completed a task we set for ourselves nearly two years ago of naming the TIME 100, the most influential people of the 20th century. This fall, a complete collection of the TIME 100 profiles will appear in a lavish, illustrated book to be published by Simon & Schuster. Titled *People of the Century* and due out in November, the book will be an adaptation of the five TIME 100 special issues and the companion series produced by CBS News. We had a lot of fun picking just the right writer to capture the essence of our choices: Salman Rushdie on Gandhi, Gloria Steinem on Margaret Sanger, Lee Iacocca on Henry Ford, Philip Glass on Igor Stravinsky, Bill Gates on the Wright brothers, even Henry Kissinger on Pelé. One of the 100 figures will be picked as "Person of the Century," to be featured in the year-end issue of TIME and on a CBS special.

WHEN WILL WE BE ABLE TO GROW A BRAIN? Will cyberspace ever be better than the real thing? How long until the one-day workweek? How hot will it get? Where will we live, what will we eat, and will anyone ever wear a tie after 2005? These and other topics will be explored starting this fall in our new five-part series called *Visions: 100 Provocative Questions About the 21st Century*. We won't pretend to have the definitive answers. (As Yogi Berra said, "Prediction is very hard, especially when it's about the future.") But we are confident we will be able to report and write intelligently about the possibilities that make up tomorrow. This is an incredibly exciting time to be alive, and we are certain to experience more change in the next 25 years than we have seen in the past 50. So join us on our adventure into the future with our first issue, devoted to health (yours and the planet's), in early November. Each issue will be featured on the TV-news magazine show CNN & TIME, and Time.com will begin soliciting questions from readers this summer.





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LETTERS

Who Chose George?

“How many Compassionately Conservative Republicans with no foreign-policy experience can we afford to have as President?”

JOAN BAUER
Pittsburgh, Pa.



I KNOW PEOPLE WHO WERE BORN ON THIRD base and either got picked off or couldn't find home plate with a map. By contrast, leading Republican candidate George W. Bush [CAMPAIGN 2000, June 21] has made the most of his privileged situation. In addition, he can relate to the problems of small businessmen and those who have battled the bottle. He also takes the Bible seriously and has had executive experience as a general partner of the Texas Rangers and as Texas Governor. I think the W stands for winner.

ROBERT B. BOOTH
Madison, Ga.

ARE REPUBLICANS SO POLITICALLY BANKRUPT that the best they can do is shovel money to a man who has less foreign-policy experience than Daffy Duck?

KARL H. BREVIK
Palm Desert, Calif.

WE'VE ALREADY HAD ONE PRESIDENT Bush. Why would we want another?

EDWARD J. WALSH
Englewood, Colo.

GOOD JOB ON BUSH—THE BEST I'VE READ. For me, the key statement deals with his concern for former employees when he

sold his company: he found jobs for all of them. How many candidates of either party would you trust to do the same?

HERBERT NEUMAN
Concord, Mass.

THE BIGGEST THING BUSH HAS GOING FOR him is he's not Clinton. G.W. is no saint, but compared with Clinton, he's close.

ROGER C. BURTON
Sugarland, Texas

GEORGE W. DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF winning. The purpose of elections is change. Today we have a booming economy, low inflation, low unemployment and peace. Who wants change?

FRED HOYT
Sarasota, Fla.

NO, NO! NOT AGAIN! HOW MANY COMPASSIONATELY CONSERVATIVE REPUBLICANS WITH NO FOREIGN-POLICY EXPERIENCE CAN WE AFFORD TO HAVE AS PRESIDENT? Remember Ronald Reagan's jelly beans and cue cards? Now we have a telegenic, Teflon-coated, lightweight candidate who is known for having an office almost bereft of books. The core of Campaign 2000 is the candidacy of Bill Bradley.

JOAN BAUER
Pittsburgh, Pa.



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from an adult... (sort of)

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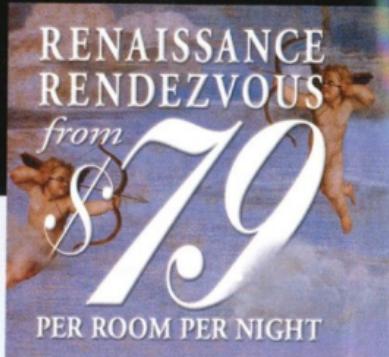
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Renaissance Beverly Hills Hotel, Los Angeles	\$164	Renaissance Waiver Hotel, Atlanta	\$99	Renaissance Dallas North Hotel, Dallas	\$79
Renaissance Camarillo Resort, Palm Springs	\$119			Renaissance Houston Hotel, Houston	\$87
Renaissance Stamford Court Hotel, San Francisco	\$214			Renaissance Madison Hotel, Seattle	\$159
• Renaissance Pan Pacific Hotel, San Francisco	\$264	Renaissance Chicago Hotel, Chicago	\$154	Brazil Renaissance São Paulo Hotel	\$230
Colorado		Renaissance Oak Brook Hotel, Chicago	\$99	Dominican Republic	
Renaissance Denver Hotel, Denver	\$74	Renaissance Springfield Hotel, Springfield	\$79	Renaissance Jaragua Hotel & Casino, Santo Domingo	\$119
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Renaissance Washington, DC Hotel	\$139	Missouri: Renaissance St. Louis Hotel-Airport, St. Louis	\$89	Canada	
Pennsylvania				Renaissance Fallsview Hotel, Niagara Falls	CON \$146
Renaissance Orlando Hotel-Airport, Orlando	\$89	Renaissance Westchester Hotel, White Plains	\$114	Renaissance Hotel Du Parc, Montreal	CON \$149
Renaissance Orlando Resort, Orlando	\$169	Oklahoma: Renaissance Cleveland Hotel, Cleveland	\$154	Renaissance Vancouver Room Harbourside, Vancouver	CON \$244
Renaissance Vinoy Resort, St. Petersburg	\$149				

Program Participation dates vary *Rates available 7 days a week. Limited number of rooms available at listed rates from June 3, 1999 to September 6, 1999. Rates available Thursday through Sunday. A Thursday night requires a Friday night stay. Rooms with a premium view or location may be priced higher. Rates are per night and subject to change without notice. Some blackout dates and length of stay restrictions apply. This rate is not available to groups of 10 or more rooms, or with other promotional offers. ©1999 Renaissance Hotels International.

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Future Locations: California: Anaheim • Florida: St. Augustine • Louisiana: New Orleans • Missouri: Branson • North Carolina: Asheville, Charlotte • Oklahoma: Oklahoma City • Pennsylvania: Philadelphia • Texas: Richardson



RENAISSANCE
HOTELS AND RESORTS



1 in 6:

*Odds of a small-town boy
starring in his school play.*

▼

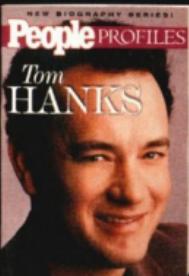
1 in 14,883:

*Odds of him moving to New York City
and ever getting another part.*

▼

1 in 44,650,166:

*Odds of him moving to Hollywood
and winning back-to-back Oscars.*



How Tom Hanks Became Tom Hanks. On newsstands July 5th.

The True Brew

ALONG WITH YOUR ARTICLE ON THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF SOYBEAN PRODUCTS [HEALTH, June 7], you showed a photo of little plastic packets of soy sauce. They contain the sensory equivalent of diesel fuel. This "soy" sauce is an American aberration born during World War II food shortages. Naturally brewed soy sauce contains wheat, soybeans, water and salt and is fermented and aged like wine. If the label reads corn syrup and caramel color, it's not the real thing.

BARBARA TROPP
San Francisco

Carding Teen Moviegoers

IT WILL BE AN ALL-TIME LOW IN AMERICAN culture if teenagers must show a photo ID to see an R-rated film [NATION, June 21]. Carding kids—or not allowing them to go into an R-rated movie without a parent—takes away the teens' illusion of control. Carding kids isn't going to make them less violent. It is simply going to make them more determined to get back the control they have lost. If that means walking into a school with a gun, they'll do it. In the opinion of this 12-year-old, the solution is to let the parents, not the government, decide what the child should watch. Who knows the youngster better, the parent or the government?

JASON GUTIERREZ
Pittsfield, Vt.

YOUR 17-YEAR-OLD "FIRST PERSON" writer Kate Carcatera considers a violent film "a venting mechanism" for teen emotions. It's too bad she hasn't been shown other avenues for handling strong emotions in a mature way, such as com-

munication and physical exercise, rather than relying on an entertainment form to handle them for her.

ANNICK DOWNSHOWER
Arcadia, Calif.

CARDING WON'T work: KIDS WILL BUY tickets for a G- or PG-rated movie, then sneak into another film. They do it now; they'll continue doing it.

JAHINA MICHAELSEN
Hollister, Calif.

Questionable Film Ratings

THE GOVERNMENT'S EFFORTS TO RESTRICT youngsters' exposure to violent films are laudable [NATION, June 21], but two critical issues have been overlooked. Many movies that are R-rated [requiring that those 17 and under be accompanied by a parent] should be classified as the more restrictive NC-17 [barring anyone under

17]. Such uneven labeling makes a mockery of the film ratings. An R-rated film should prohibit any child under 13. Also, it's quite possible for parents to take toddlers and children to violent and explicit R-rated movies. Parents must be made more aware of just how badly young children are affected by viewing violence. However, in the interim we must not sit idly by condoning this deplorable treatment of children.

ORLANDO B. DOYLE, PRESIDENT
Impact Seminars for Youth
Detroit

I AM A 15-YEAR-OLD, AND IT IS CLEAR TO me that a vast majority of R-rated movies should not be rated so strictly. If there is more than one F word in a movie, it's R-rated, but even with a nude scene, *Titanic* gets a PG-13. That's ludicrous. Walk through the halls of any high

BAD, WORSE, WORST



TIME's selection of the 100 worst ideas of the century [NOTEBOOK, June 14] prompted a gush of reaction—usually to the effect that we had missed some real beauts. And, of course, readers proposed their own worst-idea alternatives. Among them: disco, the color avocado in home décor, third-party payment of medical bills, the Germans' decision to sink the *Lusitania*, Epilady hair removers, sport-utility vehicles, U.S. involvement in Vietnam, Roseanne's notorious national-anthem performance. Plus—how's this for a "twofer"?—electing and impeaching Bill Clinton.



CHARLES L. JARMIN

and the winner in the category of customer satisfaction by a UNIX (the envelope please) is Tru64 UNIX by Compaq

school, and you will hear worse profanity and more sexually explicit conversations than in most R-rated movies. Walk across the street from the school, and you will often observe violence and drug use. The effect of seeing violence or hearing sexually explicit talk should not be pinned on Hollywood. It starts with parents. The kids copy the parents, and other youngsters copy those kids. Maybe we should start rating our homes and schools rather than our movies.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Mount Vernon, Ill.

Warmth on Warming?

GLOBAL WARMING [SCIENCE, JUNE 21] occurs on a time scale that the average human being cannot relate to, and that's the reason for a lot of the public apathy about this issue. We say to ourselves, "It's so far off in the future." But remember, failure to take care of a problem in the early stages led to the Y2K situation.

PAUL R. HERSHBERG
Tallahassee, Fla.

AMERICAN INDUSTRIES ARE MAKING tremendous progress in reducing greenhouse-gas emissions without sinking our economy. Led by government-industry cooperation and voluntary programs, we are improving efficiency and creating the technologies of tomorrow right now. Industry is putting the environment first yet keeping the economy strong.

GLENN KELLY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Global Climate Coalition
Washington

THERE ARE POLICIES THAT COULD REDUCE greenhouse emissions and at the same time boost economic growth and raise

living standards. One such policy, called an environmental tax shift, would move a portion of the tax base away from income, wages and profits and onto pol-

lution and fossil-fuel consumption. Tax shifts greatly reduce the economic costs of emissions reductions because they use market mechanisms rather than regulation to drive changes in behavior, and they also provide a way to reduce taxes on income and profits.

M. JEFF HAMOND, DEPUTY DIRECTOR
*Incentives Program
Redefining Progress*
Washington

TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY



Don't miss the hour-long newsmagazine show CNN & TIME airing Sundays and Mondays. Join us as we look at how Columbia University string theorist Brian Greene is making physics popular by using everyday examples to explain complicated scientific concepts. On CNN July 11 and 12 at 8 p.m. (E.T.)



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6. Our four-page News Scoop edition is aimed at second- and third-graders. To order either edition, call (800) 777-8600.

Red Alert: Homophones!

YOU WARNED ABOUT BODY PIERCING AND noted precautions to be taken against infections in those who "can't resist a naval ring" [Personal Time: Your Health, June 21]. Isn't a naval ring something worn only by Annapolis graduates? Guess you meant navel. Ah, for a spell checker that warns about homophones!

LARRY STOOKEY
Rockville, Md.

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Roberta, just
hours before the
annual concert

AMERICAN SCENE

Nadya Labi/New York City

The Maestro of East Harlem

She came to a tough neighborhood with 50 violins and a belief that all kids should play music

TIME IS RUNNING OUT. The annual concert is tomorrow, and Roberta Guaspari-Tzavaras is whipping herself and her second- and third-grade violinists through a frenzied rehearsal. "When I bow, you bow!" she barks. "I don't want to tell you to watch me!"

The 24 little musicians are gathered in the basement of River East elementary school in one of New York's tougher neighborhoods: East Harlem. At the back of the room is a sign admonishing them to PRACTICE MORE; in front is this dervish of a drill instructor, issuing staccato directives from beneath a cloud of frizzy, dark hair that seems charged by her kinetic energy. "Don't anyone make a sound. Fix your feet and your bow right away. O.K., eyes on me. No fooling around."

The class stands at attention, violins tucked under crooked arms and bows dangling from right index fingers. Roberta, as her students call her, holds their gaze for a mo-

ment before abruptly extending the violin out and then up to her chin in a command gesture. The kids obey. "O.K., here we go!"

She plays a rousing introduction, and they're off into a fast, furious rendition of Suzuki's *Allegro*. Roberta sways and bobs, eyeing the students over her chin rest while stamping her foot to keep the beat. "Down bow! Stomp. Watch my bow!"

Today, as always, their eyes are on Roberta. She has earned their attention, this 51-year-old Italian American who ventured into Harlem in 1980, bringing along two sons and 50 violins. The tiny instruments were a settlement of sorts—bought for \$5,000 to teach kids in Greece, where she was stationed as a military wife, and kept when her mar-

riage ended and she returned to the U.S. The daughter of a factory worker, she had taken up violin in fourth grade at her public school. "It should be an inalienable right for every child to have music education," she insists. To remedy what Jefferson overlooked, she moved to East 118th Street and brought the sound of strings to three public schools.

"They wrote my name on a piece of paper, put it in a big bucket and picked me out of it," explains Chantaneice Kitt, 8, who has been in the violin program for two years. The lottery is Roberta's way of assuring that music is for all children, not just the gifted or privileged. Her students—and her vocal cords—sometimes pay the price for her passion. "She gets on your case and stuff," says Toussaint Stackhouse, 9, "but I like her the way she is. When we need help, she helps us."

Adiza Sanchez-Rahim, 12, knew nothing about violin when Roberta visited her first-grade class six years ago. Adiza is at an awkward age, but when

she picks up the violin, she assumes a defiant grace. After all, she has taken lessons at Juilliard, performed in Switzerland and played for Oprah Winfrey. Says Adiza: "I'd be totally different without violin."

Her fate and that of her fellow musicians hung in the balance in 1991, when the board of education cut funding for arts and music instruction, and Roberta lost her job. In response, she founded the non-profit Opus 118 Music Center and recruited 14 of the world's top violinists, among them Itzhak Perlman and Isaac Stern, to play Bach's *Double Concerto* with her and her students on the stage of Carnegie Hall. Together, they raised more than \$300,000 to keep violins in the schools of Harlem. The story inspired an Oscar-winning documentary and *The Music of My Heart*, a Miramax film starring Meryl Streep, to be released in October. "When I first observed Roberta in class, I thought she was very hard on her kids," recalls Streep. "But her rationale was that it's a way of according respect to the discipline."

On a recent Thursday evening, Roberta got her yearly opportunity to demand respect for her students. About 175 empty violin cases were stacked against the walls of the gym at Central Park East I elementary school, and their young owners, ages 5 and up, formed neat rows on the basketball court. They shifted nervously, awaiting

their cue to enter the packed auditorium. "When you get onstage, fix your feet and your bows!" yelled Roberta.

"Who do you watch? Your mother?"

"No!"

"Your father?"

"No!"

They knew the answer. They followed Roberta onstage, and the crowd went wild. ■



No more practice; this time's for real

“She gets on your case and stuff, but I like her.”

—TOUSSAINT STACKHOUSE, on his teacher

HORSEPOWER:	222
ENGINE PATENTS:	184
SEATING CAPACITY:	5
LEATHER (SQ. FT.):	45
AIR BAGS:	4
WHEELS (INCHES):	17
BOSE STEREO SPEAKERS:	7
STEREO WATTS:	200
TOP SPEED (MPH):	143

THE NEW 2000 MAXIMA. Our goal was ambitious: create a performance-luxury sedan that would be a cut above everything else on the road. It was a goal that demanded engineering prowess. Inspired design. And a profound level of commitment that bordered on obsession. (In other words, business as usual here at Nissan—only more so.) So without any further ado, allow us to introduce the sweet fruit of this labor. The new 2000 Maxima. A remarkable sedan that combines exuberant performance, hedonistic comfort and meticulous refinement in a form that defies comparison. And simply begs to be driven.



A true story. The design of the 2000 Maxima was born on a paper napkin swiped from a baseball game concession stand, an outfields throw from our California design studio. The story goes, a Nissan designer was seized between innings to draw a low, rear-angle view of the new 2000 Maxima that set the attitude for the design of the entire car. Debate still rages about whether the Maxima's lines were inspired by the power of a clean-up hitter's bat, the grace of a pitcher, or, quite frankly, the vast array of dull sedans in the stadium parking lot.

We reinvented the Maxima's steering wheel, so it feels better in your hands. We re-engineered the steering system so it responds as though it were connected to your synapses. We also revised our signature SE gauges with a new titanium-tinted face. What hasn't changed is their ingenious legibility. Black type on a lighter field for daytime driving that automatically transforms to white type on black for better night viewing.

Development on the Maxima's custom-tuned audio system began over two years ago. Bose® and Nissan engineers worked side-by-side from the ground up. Careful consideration was paid to the cabin's particular acoustics as well as to another crucial component: where people's ears reside in relation to the sound. After analyzing over 1,000 different measurements, the folks in the white lab coats created the optimum Maxima soundstage. A 200-watt, 7-speaker audio system with CD player and new subwoofer that produces all the emotion and excitement of a live performance. Brava.

NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

"There's all these touchy-feely things out there... they want to spend money on."

SENATOR TED STEVENS,
Alaska Republican, on why women don't support defense spending

"There is no question it is an astounding amount of money ... My first response was a four-letter word."

BAY BUCHANAN,
Pat's sister, on George W. Bush's fund-raising efforts

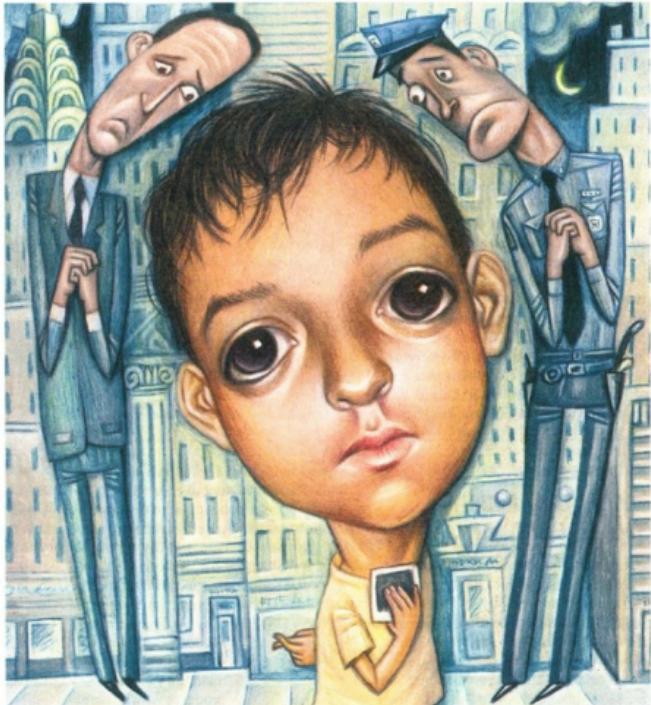
"After the international community spent billions, billions of dollars on a military campaign ... it is a pity they are not prepared to spend what we have asked for."

SOREN JESSEN-PETERSEN,
U.N. assistant high commissioner for refugees, on the lack of funds for repatriation

"I thank my parents and my car for this."

FARRAH SLAD,
who bought the \$150 million powerball ticket at a gas station on her way to her parents' home

Sources: Stevens, Jessen-Petersen, Slad; AP; Buchanan, MSNBC's Huckabee



TIME/LAUREN STAFFORD

SMALL MALE, TALL TALE Edwin Sabillón, 13, tugged at tough New York City hearts with his story of an epic journey from Honduras to the Big Apple in search of his lost father. The kid sure can fib: turns out he was more Huck Finn than Ulysses

WINNERS & LOSERS



MARVIN ALBERT

Yessss! man returns to NBC two years after firing. What's a little backbiting between friends?

DON EVANS

Top Texas oilman corrals G.O.P. wallets for George W. Next job: measuring Energy Dept. drapes?

NICK LEESON

Rogue trader beats cancer, leaves jail. Plus, frozen assets mean no more gambling



TIMOTHY LEARY

Late counterculture icon of the '60s was an FBI informer. Put that in your pipe and smoke it

KEN STARR

Sinks one at the buzzer with Hubbell guilty plea, but who cares? Game over, Ken

THE IMMIGRATION SERVICE

INS border watchers had serial killer suspect, let him go. Should change name to OUTS

TIME/THOMAS DITTO

NOTEBOOK

CINEMA

Kubrick's Dead, but His Projects Aren't

STANLEY KUBRICK DIED IN MARCH, DAYS after finishing his controversial film *Eyes Wide Shut*. But that may not be the last moviegoers see of his work. Warner Bros. owns the rights to *AI*, a science-fiction flick Kubrick wanted to do about artificial intelligence. Warner co-chief **TERRY SEMEL** says there is a script and even storyboards completed for the movie. Normally, Kubrick never did storyboards—he preferred to let movies develop over a long period—but he had to do them for *AI*, which mixes computer-generated figures with human actors. As with all things Kubrickian, the story line is a bit of a mystery. Semel describes it as “a boy in space and artificial intelligence,” while Kubrick’s friend and producer on *Eyes*, Jan Harlan,



Stanley Kubrick

says it’s “a study of a society well in the future where you cannot have a child without a license.” If not for the slow development of artificial intelligence in the real world, the movie might have made it to the screen before *Eyes*. “Stanley was eager to get back into the game” after a 12-year hiatus but couldn’t decide which film to do first, says Semel. The director even toyed with the idea of having Steven Spielberg direct *AI*, and the two men discussed the story, but Kubrick decided he wanted to do it after *Eyes*. Warner owns the rights to the script—just as MGM owns the rights to another Kubrick script, *Napoleon*—but there are no plans to make the film. Pity. For the man who made *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *AI* would have been a fitting finale. —By Cathy Booth/Los Angeles

HOLLYWOOD

Forget the Lawsuit, The Movie Must Go On

HOLLYWOOD RELATIONSHIPS CAN BE AWKWARD—especially when love dies. Years ago at Sony Pictures, manager **BRAD GREY** set up **GARRY SHANDLING**'s upcoming movie *What Planet Are You From?* with himself as a producer. But by the time filming started, Shandling was suing Grey for \$100 million, claiming that his former manager-producer had cut him out of all kinds of deals. With the trial set to start any minute, the studio faced an expensive

hiatus—more than \$1 million a week—while Shandling went to court. Sony, which recently bought part of Grey's production company, asked its new partner to delay the court date. But Grey declined to be quite that good a sport. As the trial loomed, Shandling settled late last week, with Sony dollars helping to grease the deal. So director **MIKE NICHOLS** can keep shooting and Grey remains an executive producer with a share in the profit, if there is any. —By Kim Masters/
Los Angeles



Garry Shandling

JUSTICE

Freeh-Agency: Is the FBI Chief Playing to Bush?

IF ATTORNEY GENERAL JANET RENO HAD A least-wanted list, former campaign-finance-task-force chief Charles LaBella would be on it. Republicans regularly bludgeon Reno for rejecting LaBella's call for an independent counsel to follow the trail of alleged campaign violations into President Clinton's inner circle. Next week LaBella returns to Washington in triumph. FBI director Louis Freeh is staging an invitation-only ceremony at which he intends to bestow upon LaBella a “Director's Award for Excellence.”

Some at Justice and on the Hill regard Freeh's move as a taunt at Reno, who's resented by senior FBI executives as too solicitous of the White House. There's speculation that the La-

Bella award is a classic Freeh maneuver, a signal to the G.O.P. majority in Congress that Freeh is no Clinton-Gore lackey and would be a good fit in, say, a George W. Bush Administration. “Freeh is widely seen by the Democrats as grandstanding and being far too political for that job,” says a congressional Democratic staff member. But Freeh associates insist he has no ulterior motive. “He's just giving an award to Chuck LaBella, a person he admires, for a job well done,” says an aide. Freeh's term officially must expire after 10 years, on Sept. 1, 2003—though he can be asked to resign sooner. —By Elaine Shannon/Washington



Louis Freeh

THE DRAWING BOARD

THE SENATORS CLINTON!

BILL SAYS HE WON'T RUN, BUT WHAT IF HE AND HILLARY BOTH END UP IN THE SENATE?



Kooky Kandidates



LAWRENCE JAMES

CLARK

Republican, North Carolina

Résumé: U.S. Army**Relevant experience:**

Honorary deputy sheriff of Hardin County; member of Optimist Club Fraternal Organization, American Legion

Platform: Reduce criminal appeals and expedite sentencing; improve literacy; see that Native Americans get their due

★ ★ ★

CHARLES R. DOTY

Democrat, Oklahoma

Résumé: Pastor, dog breeder**Relevant experience:** Precinct inspector and county chairman who has run in every presidential election since 1984**Platform:** Not announced

★ ★ ★

ROBERT WILLIAM

GOTTIER

No party, California

Résumé: Inventor (51 inventions, no patents)**Relevant experience:**

"I have lived long"

Platform: Term limits, campaign-finance reform

★ ★ ★



AL HAMBURG

Independent, Wyoming

Résumé: 3rd Infantry Division in Korea, house painter**Relevant experience:** Lists nine children, including "one in Japan and two unknown"**Platform:** Stop illegal-alien invasions from Mexico and Central America

★ ★ ★

LARRY HINES

Openly gay Libertarian candidate, California

Résumé: Self-educated, legal secretary, dancer**Relevant experience:** U.S. Marine Corps

★ ★ ★

**Platform:** Privatize education, withdrawal of U.S. from U.N.

★ ★ ★

LESLIE A. LUMMIS

Independent, Guam

Résumé: Entrepreneur, manufacturer, homebuilder, author**Relevant experience:** Lieutenant, U.S. Naval Reserve**Platform:** Abolish taxes: "It would be like Christmas every day!"

★ ★ ★

MICHAEL

MANNICHEWITZ

No known party, New York

Résumé: Lawyer, notary, judge, security guard**Relevant experience:**

Stated jobs include biblical agent for Noah, Joshua, Job, Jesus, Eleazar; spy for Britain, France, U.S. and Vatican City; owner, Barnum & Bailey Circus; former King Platform: Not announced

★ ★ ★

MICHAEL TRACY MILLER

Democrat, Florida

Résumé: St. Augustine Vocational Technical School, Poetry Guild, Winn-Dixie Stores**Relevant experience:** Class president, Elvis Club president**Platform:** Not announced

★ ★ ★

RANDY OWENS

Independent, Virginia

Résumé: Cook, plumber, retail sales, community-center recreational aide**Relevant experience:**

Admits he's "not exactly overloaded"; elected president of second-grade class; lifetime of trying to beat the system

Platform: "It is time for the common people to take back control of the country"

Source: Project Vote Smart



PHOTOS FROM CANDIDATES' WEBSITES. BUTTONS BY MILAN FRANC FOR TIME

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

SHADE-OFF Once Tom Cruise was the undisputed sunglasses king. Any shades he wore in a movie took off like fireworks. Can he be unseated?

TONY CRUISE

Signature Shades: Ray-Ban Wayfarers in 1983's *Risky Business* **Price:** \$55**Reflection on Sales:** On the brink of discontinuation before Cruise wore them; sales soared after the film**Signature Shades:** Ray-Ban Aviators in 1986's *Top Gun* **Price:** \$100**Reflection on Sales:** The 50-year-old style's sales had been flat; after the film, they shot up 40%**Caveat:** In *Eyes Wide Shut*, Cruise wears no signature shades, but he does spend much of the film wearing a mask. New merchandising opportunity?

WILL SMITH

Signature Shades: Ray-Ban's Predator 2, in 1997's *Men in Black* **Price:** \$99**Reflection on Sales:** In six months, sales tripled; Ray-Ban says it was like \$25 million in free ads**Signature Shades:** Custom-made oval shades in *Wild Wild West*, which opened last week**Reflection on Sales:** Millions more Whoppers sold, if Burger King has it its way. It's selling knock-offs of the glasses for \$1.99**Caveat:** When Keanu Reeves' slightly slanted specs from *The Matrix* become publicly available in August, they could also be contenders

JOEL STEIN

A 27-Year-Old Looks Back on Life

EVENTUALLY, WE'LL ALL BE ON TV. THERE ARE 500 CHANNELS plus the Internet, and they all need warm bodies. We Americans are being drafted into the global us, and I, for one, am fit and ready to serve. This is what I was thinking when, five years ago, I walked into my local MTV headquarters and signed up for the tryouts for the London cast of *The Real World*. I was rejected in the final round, after spending three months undergoing seven stages of vigorous testing that included a 10-page application, many videotaped interviews and a blind date with a woman who was accurately described as "a bald chick."

I remembered all this last month as MTV began airing its newest and highest-rated season ever of *The Real World*. In an effort to relive my past, and possibly give MTV enough busywork to prevent it from developing any more non-music-video programming, I asked the station to dig up my tryout tapes.

It turns out MTV has a vault in Hollywood where they keep files on more than 100,000 people under 30. I print this information here in the hopes that conspiracy theorists will get off the U.N.'s back and start freaking out about Viacom. I think this will help my parent company, Time Warner, and thus get me in good with whoever runs this place. This is my version of a business plan.

Watching the tape of me simultaneously trying to impress MTV producers and score with a sullen woman was the second most embarrassing moment of my life. The first, according to my application, was getting drunk in high school and badmouthing the sexual talents of my already graduated girlfriend, a claim



that was posted on the school message board the next day. Her most embarrassing moment, of course, is happening right now.

But even as I watched tape after tape of my awkward, pimply self trying to justify my life, my apparently indestructible ego was still wondering how MTV could have not picked me. So I called Jonathan Murray, one of the show's producers. "We weren't sure what was going on with your dating life. It seemed pretty dormant," he said. When I sounded confused, he clarified. "You definitely weren't going to be the hunk in the show." I said that depended on what point viewers were in their menstrual cycle. He didn't know what I was talking about, but I think it made him feel even more assured about not picking me.

But while it was clear why MTV didn't cast me, I wonder why I had wanted to live in an apartment that makes *Biosphere 2* look like J.D. Salinger's house. I think I was willing to make that sacrifice because I saw an opportunity for ultimate fame. Not being famous for hitting home runs or getting my breasts reduced but simply for being me. Ed McMahon kind of fame.

Looking back, though, I'm glad Murray didn't choose me. If I couldn't deal with seeing myself on those tapes, I don't think I could have handled having my darkness deconstructed by 16-year-old girls around the world. So instead, I'll gladly do my entertainment duty by taking a ball in the groin for *America's Funniest Home Videos*, just like everybody else. Because, I now realize, after watching loads of *The Real World*, that there are few things quite as cringe-inducing as listening to people try to describe who they are. Except, of course, in a magazine column. ■

LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND WANTED

THE UNTOUCHABLES The hunt for financier Martin Frankel and at least \$215 million from insurance firms he controlled led us to wonder what happened to the other moneymen on the lam. A roundup:

In 1997 investors lost billions when it was revealed that Bre-X Minerals engaged in the largest mining fraud in history. Bre-X vice chairman John Felderhof, who is charged with insider trading, lives beyond extradition, with his wife, in the Cayman Islands.

Christopher Skase is wanted in Australia, following the 1989 collapse of his highly leveraged firm, Qintex, under \$1 billion in debts. He resides in a mansion in

Majorca, from which the Spanish government refuses to extradite him.

Billionaire commodities trader Marc Rich fled to Switzerland in 1983 after he was indicted for wire fraud, racketeering and trading with the enemy by allegedly buying oil from Iran. He now resides in a villa near Lucerne with a private harbor and a steel-gated boathouse.

Thankfully, there is justice for some. Robert Vesco left the U.S. in 1972 after looting a mutual fund of \$224 million and making an illegal \$200,000 donation to Richard Nixon's campaign. He eventually found refuge in Cuba, only to be jailed by that government in 1996 for marketing an unproven cancer drug.



MILESTONES

PHOTOGRAPH BY



DIED. ALLAN CARR, 62, movie producer; from liver cancer; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Creator of *Playboy Penthouse Television*, Carr went on to write such camp movies as 1980's *Can't Stop the Music*. He produced the movie *Grease* and the Broadway play *La Cage aux Folles*.

MURDERED. RICKY BYRDSONG, 43, former Northwestern basketball coach; shot in the Chicago suburb of Skokie while jogging with his children. Byrdsong, who was black, was shot in the back in what was apparently a series of drive-by shootings targeting minorities over a 10-mile area. Six Orthodox Jews walking home from Sabbath services were wounded, and shots were fired at two Asian Americans. Police were searching for a white man in a blue car.

DIED. MARIO PUZO, 78, *Godfather* author; in Bay Shore, N.Y. (See Eulogy, below.)



DIED. MICHAEL O'KEEFE, 60, Greek dictator; in Athens. In 1967 Papadopoulos helped overthrow King Constantine and was installed as Prime Minister. His junta tortured and killed opponents and banned such Western styles as long hair on men and miniskirts for women. Overthrown in 1973, Papadopoulos was sentenced to life in prison for treason.



DIED. JOSHUA NKOMO, 82, Father of Zimbabwe; from prostate cancer; in Harare. Nkomo spent years fighting Britain and later White Rhodesia for independence. Despite Nkomo's leadership, his erstwhile ally Robert Mugabe became Prime Minister in 1980. A subsequent split led to bloody clashes that ended with a 1987 peace accord and Nkomo's appointment to a powerless vice-presidential post.

DIED. MARSHALL WAYNE, 87, Olympic diver; in Hendersonville, N.C. At the 1936 Berlin Games, Wayne won a gold medal and a silver medal by beating his German opponents, earning Hitler's displeasure.

DIED. SYLVIA SIDNEY, 88, iconic actress from Hollywood's golden era whose career, spanning seven decades, saw her



EVERETT COLLECTION

graduate from a specialty in victim roles to tough-talking, chain-smoking senior citizen; in New York City. In the 1930s, Sidney reigned as one of Paramount's top actresses, starring in several of the era's melodramas-with-a-message. After a hiatus of 17 years, she returned to the movies in 1973 and was nominated for a supporting Oscar for *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams*. She won a Golden Globe for her part in the 1985 TV movie *An Early Frost*, and played one of death's bureaucrats in *Beetlejuice* and a Slim Whitman fan in the 1996 *Mars Attacks!*



EVERETT COLLECTION

DIED. FORREST MARS SR., 95, candy mogul; in Miami. Mars took over the Mars company from his father, who created the Milky Way bar in 1923. In 1940, Mars produced a slow-to-melt candy that was perfect for an era without air conditioning—and M&M's became a staple of American life, finding their way into World War II G.I. ration kits and children's school lunch bags. The treat, along with the firm's other name brands (from 3 Musketeers to the pet food Sheba), earned the Mars family a \$16 billion fortune. An eccentric recluse, he gave only one interview in his life—to a candy-industry magazine.

EULOGY

Forget for a moment *The Godfather*—the 21 million-selling book and the movie that virtually created the Mafia as literary and cinematic subject. Forget *The Fortunate Pilgrim*, *The Sicilian*, *The Last Don* and other best sellers. Forget *Superman*, *Earthquake* and the rest of the blockbusters. Forget two Academy Awards. Forget that he wrote some of the best stuff ever about the American family and the Italian-American immigrant experience. Forget that all this was done by the son of illiterate immigrant parents.

I think of **MARIO PUZO** this way: When I was younger, struggling for a sense of place in the world of letters, this older, wiser author of indisputable talent and success not only offered me steady



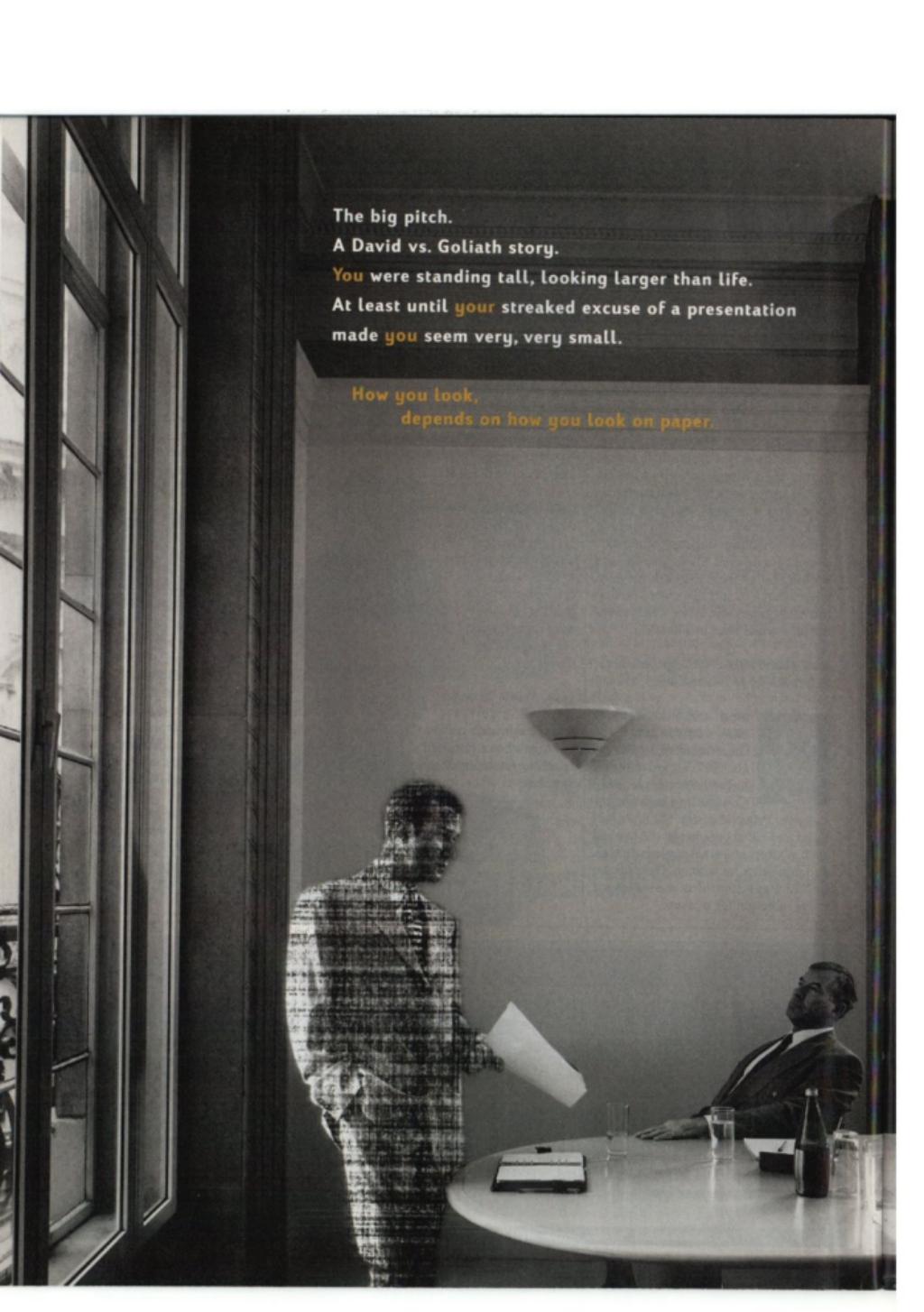
encouragement but took the time to read my adolescent jottings. But that was Mario: that smile, those mischievous eyes, that wry humor—one part paisano and one part prince. He treated everyone, from studio chiefs to busboys, exactly the same—well, maybe busboys a little better.

I've known him since I was in grade school. He taught me pinocchio. And when I was in my 20s and he in his 70s, he took my calls when I had doubts about my work or questions about the business of books. Last time I saw him, he showed me a chart on which he had outlined his book *Omerta*. He joked that I could use it when he was done.

—Karl Taro Greenfeld, staff writer, TIME

By Melissa August, Michelle Derrow, Aisha Durham, Daniel S. Levy, Lina Lozano, David Spitz and Chris Taylor

PHOTOGRAPH BY



The big pitch.

A David vs. Goliath story.

You were standing tall, looking larger than life.

At least until your streaked excuse of a presentation
made you seem very, very small.

How you look,

depends on how you look on paper.



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HP LaserJet UltraPrecise
toner cartridges.

If you're not using HP toner,
you're not getting HP printing.

Sharp text, sharp visuals and
a sharp presentation can all be
jeopardized by the wrong toner.
The toner cartridge is responsible
for about 70% of the printer's
imaging system. And only HP
toner cartridges are specifically
designed to work with your HP
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NAT

CAN MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

One man's past is
other man's future. Gore
tries to distance himself
privately from Clinton

By MICHAEL DUFFY and KAREN TUMULTY

MAYBE IT WAS JUST A LITTLE misunderstanding, a thing that happens from time to time in every family. Maybe Al Gore really had someplace better to be at the moment Bill Clinton arrived on the South Lawn last Monday morning to announce that the gods had bestowed an extra trillion—*with a t*—dollars on the U.S. Treasury. Maybe Gore, a serious man who worries about serious things, had to polish the speech he was making that afternoon in Philadelphia on the war against cancer. Maybe the White House had pressed him to try to make the event, and Gore had politely

stepped aside so Clinton could take all the credit. If the Vice President really wanted to be part of it, a White House official mused later, "he can come to any event he wants to."

Maybe. But maybe Al Gore can't compartmentalize as neatly as his boss. How can he share in Clinton's public successes when he's been busy denouncing the President's personal failings, staking his claim as a family man and promising to protect the dignity of the office? The stories about a Clinton-Gore feud have been circulating for more than two weeks, to the point that the President had to spend the better part of his press conference last week denying them. To students of royal families, all the signs of marital strain are there. The couple manage to make a pretty picture when together in public, but they are together less and less. Away

from each other, they are unable to do anything but complain about their mate. Whether they patch it back together, and quickly, could go a long way toward determining who will be the next President—or at least the Democratic nominee.

From the first moment stories leaked that Clinton was angry at Gore for the way he was running his campaign, Washington has tied itself in knots trying to figure out whether the feud is real or imagined, manufactured to shove Gore out from Clinton's shadow. "We have to talk about the future," a Gore aide says. "The Vice President has to define himself, and he can't do it by standing behind the President." Gore made the first move during his announcement tour 2½ weeks ago, when he seemed so enthusiastic about calling Clinton's con-

ION

THIS MARRIAGE LIVED?

s threatening the
But while Gore
himself, Clinton
is running

duct in the Monica Lewinsky scandal "inexcusable" to one interviewer after another. The President, at dinners with friends, insisted he was not upset by what Gore had said about the Monica matter, only a little sore that he had said it so much.

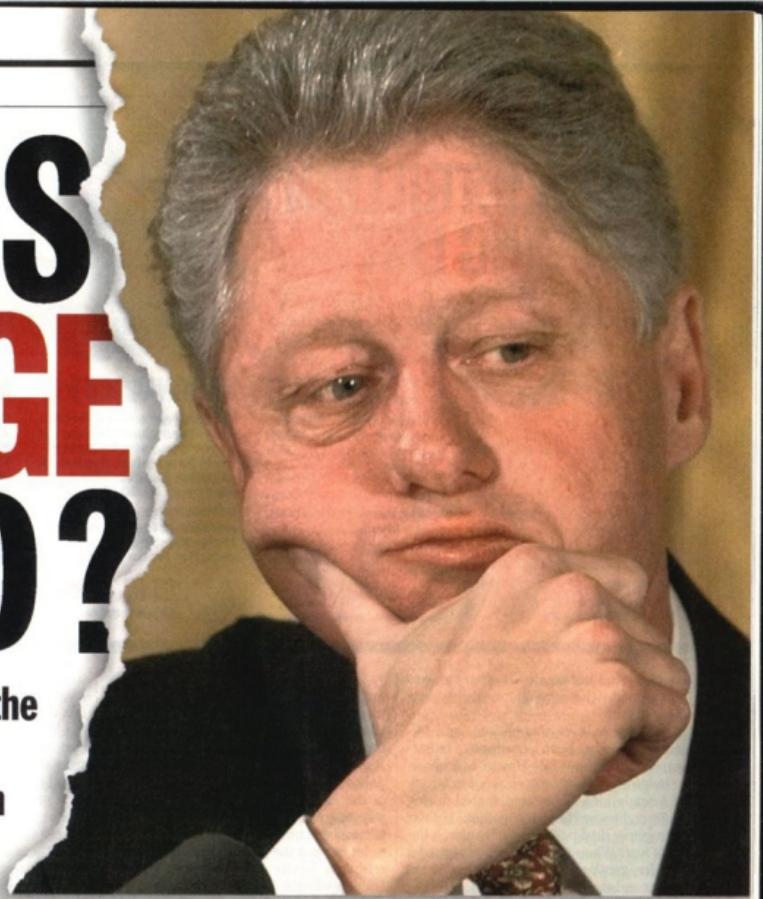
But there is also a second, more private Clinton, who has been uncorking a different riff late at night, between 11 and 2, when he checks in with his closest friends, some of whom are dismayed by Gore. "People wind him up," a Clinton aide says. In those conversations the President starts feeling sorry for himself and lets it rip, saying he brought Gore to the dance, plucked him from certain obscurity and lifted him up. These are nasty venting sessions, done and forgotten by the next day, but they have occurred often enough

so that they leaked to the *New York Times*.

For his part, Clinton pleads a blackout. "I have been frankly bewildered by those reports," he protested last week. "I honestly do not know what the sources of those stories are, but they are not in my heart or in my mind." But the denials don't quite work, given all the other slings and arrows. No sooner had Gore begun his cancer speech than Administration aides were leaking their own big medical news—the boss's plans for Medicare reform—thereby stepping on Gore's headlines. The President is less cavalier about Hillary's priorities. He rearranged his schedule so that a Capitol Hill Medicare event would not distract from the First Lady's photo op at the National Archives. He went to New York to start raising \$125 million for his presiden-

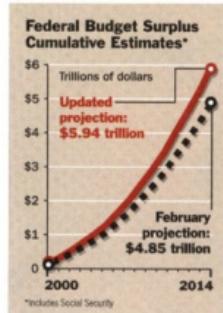
tial library. Not much in that for Al, especially at a time when Hillary was also scavenging around New York, looking for \$20 million that might otherwise go Gore's way. Things have reached the point where Tipper Gore, asked by Larry King whether she would be campaigning for Hillary in New York, could do no more than be emphatically noncommittal.

Publicly, Clinton still seems to be coming on the race as if he were doing analysis for MSNBC. He can admiringly quote George W. Bush's exact fund-raising totals by state—though he told *USA Today* that he could have done better. Asked last week whether Gore or Bill Bradley is more qualified to be President, the current holder of the job parsed Gore's résumé, not his leadership abilities. As a bemused Bradley



HOW TO SPEND A SURPLUS?

THE \$5.9 TRILLION SHOPPING LIST



PRESIDENT CLINTON'S announcement that the federal budget surplus—already projected at \$4.9 trillion over the next 15 years—would actually be \$1 trillion higher caused some head spinning. While those burgeoning revenues will usher in a new Era of Abundance, they are also setting the stage for a new Age of Surplus Aggravation. What should be done with the windfall?

NOTE: The budget also allocates \$469 billion in debt-financing costs, 9% of the budget surplus.

Source: Office of Management and Budget

backer noted last week, "It almost makes you wonder whether Clinton really wants Gore to win."

Of course, even since Adams and Jefferson, there has been a tradition of father-son rivalry in the White House. Eisenhower helpfully told reporters he couldn't think of a single idea Nixon contributed during their eight-year tenure together. Hubert Humphrey died politically in Lyndon Johnson's war. When George Bush promised a "kinder, gentler nation" in 1988, he meant kinder and gentler than Ronald Reagan's.

This history is what makes the current rift so different—and so worrisome for Democrats. Gore and Clinton have scripted their union as a buddy movie ever since they bonded back in the summer of 1992. By joining the ticket, Gore, his wife Tipper and their four sunny blond kids lent the Clintons, already a little grimy after a long primary campaign about sex and drugs and draft dodging, some good, clean karma. Clinton and Gore have worked as closely as any team in memory. When the going got roughest last winter, Gore stood faithfully by, and even suggested on the day Clinton was impeached that he would be remembered as a great President, an affirmation that is sure to turn up in more than one Republican commercial next year. It would seem that Clinton might think he owes Gore some loyalty in return.

But Clinton has a bottomless capacity for defining things from sex to loyalty on his own terms, and the spat suggests he has taken for granted Gore's steadfastness over the past seven years. Gore was never as in step with Clinton as it seemed; in private debates, he differed with Clinton on many of the early economic questions, and he was aggressive in foreign policy where Clinton was timid. But in public Gore never let on, and the senior partner may have mistaken loyalty for acquiescence. As a Clinton veteran put it, "So now that Gore, who was never as much a yes-man as people think he was, actually goes public with his first-ever dispute with Clinton, the President loses it. That tells you more about Clinton than about Gore."

OME PEOPLE CLOSE TO THE President suggest that he's not angry so much as jealous. Clinton has never played a supporting role in his whole political career, but now his two most trusted allies, Gore and Hillary, are making plans that don't include him. It's one thing to give up the White House and leave Washington on a helicopter with your wife, your dog and a retinue of aides who have memoirs in their eyes. But many in Clinton's circle have already moved on, and others are looking for



NATIONAL DEBT

CLINTON wants to use Social Security surpluses (which currently account for most of the federal budget surplus) to pay down \$3.65 trillion in public debt by 2015.

REPUBLICANS agree in principle but appear ready to forgo some debt reduction for tax relief.

\$3.07 trillion
52% of surplus

MEDICARE

CLINTON proposes to devote 13.5% of the surplus to keep Medicare solvent until 2027. The remaining money would pay for a new prescription-drug benefit for the elderly.

REPUBLICANS question the need for a drug benefit that covers upper incomes.

\$794 billion
13.5% of surplus

the exit. If there is one person who doesn't know what he'll be doing with the rest of his life, it's the President.

What makes Clinton scratch his head is that Gore seems to have learned so little from the master. Clinton is all about emotional connection, and he cringes at Gore's lack of feel for the crowd, particularly when Clinton's legacy now hinges on Gore's success. Both men have typically, sometimes foolishly, been their own campaign manager, and as Gore launches his bid for the job Clinton holds, the man with the title can't believe his eyes. He has even, among friends, employed the ultimate put-down, saying Gore is running like a Vice President, and a first-term one at that.

Having created a third way that re-claimed the middle class for the Democrats, Clinton has told people that Gore should run on this theme: We fought for you and were able to succeed despite unprecedented partisan assaults. Think what we can do if you give us the chance to continue. Clinton sees Bush as a big target, easy to hit on such issues as guns, abortion and the environment, and yet Gore hangs back and won't pull the trigger. Clinton, says an intimate, knows he could do this better. He would take the fight to both Bradley and Bush quickly, and destroy them both on politics and policy. Clinton practically offers a how-to lesson in his speeches these days. As a onetime senior



SOCIAL SECURITY

CLINTON will devote the savings on debt-interest payments, freed up after paying down the debt, to extending the solvency of Social Security until 2053

REPUBLICANS want to return some interest savings to the public with tax cuts instead



TAX CUTS

CLINTON calls for targeted tax breaks to encourage retirement savings, allotting \$540 billion to subsidize Universal Savings Accounts over 15 years

REPUBLICANS criticize Clinton's targeted tax cuts and seek up to \$1 trillion in broad cuts



EDUCATION

CLINTON wants to earmark money for the federal children and education trust fund, designed to ensure financing for programs like Head Start

REPUBLICANS want states and local communities to get any windfall to manage themselves



... AND MORE

CLINTON aims to spend more on a variety of programs, including defense, health research, veterans affairs, farm security and environmental protection

REPUBLICANS think many of these are middle-class entitlements and generally oppose them



staff member put it after a Clinton address, "You could almost hear him saying, 'This is so easy! Why don't you get it, Al?'"

It doesn't help that when Clinton is thinking like a candidate, he wants to make war, but his pattern as President is to make friends. Gore lives or dies by the fights the Administration picks on things like Medicare, guns, the patient's bill of rights. The Vice President needs Clinton to tailor his final-year initiatives in ways that serve Gore politically. But Clinton's prime interest is in serving his own legacy. This is not a recipe for happiness. It is a recipe for mutual frustration. The President's aching for achievement in his final year suggests that once again he will arrive at his enemies' door bearing flowers and chocolates and come away with a compromise on Medicare and tax cuts. If Clinton finds common ground with the G.O.P., it will probably be at the expense of Gore and the Democrats.

Gore may not have inherited Clinton's talent, but he certainly carries his baggage. The Vice President is aware that the public is showing signs of fatigue with the Clinton era and wants to move on, yet he needs the political machinery that Clinton built. He needs

credit for all the good things that have happened while he promises to have a whole set of fresh ideas for the future. The task for Gore is a lot like playing Twister with yourself-hard to do, and no fun to boot. As a Gore adviser put it, "The public's mood about Clinton makes this a very complex problem for Gore."

The mood in private isn't much better. Gore's determination not to be lured into another Buddhist temple has ren-

dered his fund-raising operation clumsy and skittish. The party's weary financial foot soldiers, accustomed in Clinton's days to fancy titles and cozy coffees in the Map Room, are being treated like parolees, their every move scrutinized and second-guessed. Gore requires those who are going to raise money for him, such as lobbyists and business people, to attend briefings on the rules. After that, they must send in for approval the list of people they expect to solicit. "The vetting process," says a Clinton ally, "has been a horror show."

The money grubbing, all the conflicting alliances, the strange dysfunctions and sibling rivalry—all these, of course, increase the public's desire to put the whole Clinton business, Gore included, behind it. A few more rounds of soap-opera politics won't do any of them any good, which is why Clinton is likely to be very disciplined in his public comments in the months to come.

And in private, the rift can be mended. Clinton has plenty of practice at making amends. All Al has to do is make Bill his campaign manager and the marriage might be saved. —With reporting by Viveca Novak/Washington



AIR KISS Hillary Clinton and Tipper Gore at a Beverly Hills fund raiser for the Vice President last month

THE MONEY CHASM

Bush leaps ahead with some startling fund-raising figures. Has the 2000 race already been bought?

By JAMES CARNEY

UNtil GEORGE W. BUSH SET OUT FOR Iowa and New Hampshire on his first campaign trip in mid-June, his status as the front runner for the Republican presidential nomination was far from secure. Sure, he had the famous name, the long list of endorsements and the credential of being Governor of a large state. And, his advisers thought, he would have plenty of money—perhaps a record \$23 million in campaign donations by the end of the first half of the year. But the Bush team knew that many potential supporters were wait-

ing to see whether the candidate would live up to advance billing. "A lot of people were leaning our way," says a top campaign aide, "but they still had reservations."

Within hours after Bush touched down in Iowa on June 12 and proved he could work a rope line, give a speech and kiss babies without falling on his face, those erstwhile doubters started "scrambling for their checkbooks," says the aide. Demand for tickets to a \$500-a-head fund-raising lunch scheduled for three days later in Boston started to surge, pushing the total take for the event to \$850,000 before the Bush campaign had to start turning people away at the

door. The same thing happened at fund raisers across the country, converting what had been a steady stream of donations into a raging river. When Bush announced last week that he had raked in \$36.25 million, the news instantly transformed the 2000 campaign. He had not only outraised his nearest G.O.P. rival, John McCain, 9 to 1, but raised double the \$18.2 million collected by Al Gore, the sitting Vice President and Democratic heir apparent. And Bush is just getting started. On Friday, a top adviser confidently told *Time* that the campaign's new fund-raising goal is \$70 million by January—meaning that Bush will refuse federal matching funds and thereby be free from the state-by-state spending caps that mere mortal candidates must honor.

Bush's war chest carries staggering implications for those other would-be Presidents who have been begging donors for money just to keep their campaign alive. "This is the political equivalent of bombing the supply lines," says John J. Pitney Jr., a political-science professor at Claremont McKenna College. "There's only so much political money out there, and every dollar that goes to [Bush] is a dollar that doesn't go anywhere else." Bush's money advantage is so great that his campaign advisers believe the only real threat they face

OPENING UP THEIR WALLETS

To build their war chests for the campaign, the presidential candidates have turned to power brokers in the big money industries. Here's a partial list of their influential donors to date.

WALL STREET



◀ Charles Schwab
Charles Schwab & Co.
John Hennessy
Credit Suisse First Boston
J.W. Marriott Jr.
Marriott International



◀ Steven Rattner
Lazard Frères
Jonathan Tisch
Loews hotels
Eli Broad
Sun America

HOLLYWOOD



◀ Bo Derek
Terry Semel
Warner Bros. co-CEO
Jerry Weintraub
producer



◀ Barbra Streisand
Steven Spielberg
Tom Hanks
David Geffen*

SILICON VALLEY



◀ Michael Dell
Dell Computers
Gordon Moore
Intel co-founder
Bob Herbold
Microsoft



◀ Marc Andreessen
Netscape co-founder
John Doerr
TechNet
Jerry Yang
Yahoo

FAN CLUB



◀ Colin Powell*
George Shultz
Leonard Coleman
National Baseball
League president



◀ Sheryl Crow
Glenn Frey
James Taylor

TOTAL RAISED

GEORGE W. BUSH
\$36.3 million

AL GORE
\$18.2 million

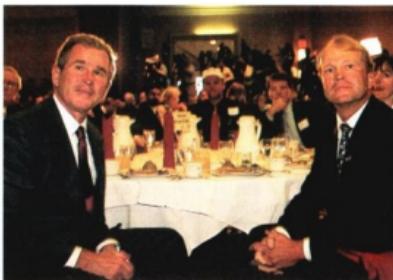
*Gave to more than one candidate

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD T. STONE; PHOTOS BY AP/WIDEWORLD, COURTESY OF THE CANDIDATES

comes from Steve Forbes, the self-financed tycoon, who has the resources to launch the kind of airwave assault against Bush that he waged against Bob Dole in 1996. Expect a war. Forbes has already started attacking Bush's record in Texas and last week labeled him a tool of special-interest lobbyists in Washington.

Bush wasn't last week's only winner of the money-expectations game. Bill Bradley, Gore's sole Democratic opponent, reported a surprisingly high \$11.5 million in donations, enough to ensure he'll have the resources to challenge the Vice President deep into the primary season. That means the 2000 campaign could turn into a replay of '96, except this time it could be the Democrat who depletes his money fighting a pesky primary opponent and then gasps his way through a long, hot summer. If Bush wins the nomination while hoarding his money, he'll be in a position to do to Gore or Bradley what Clinton did to Dole—pin his cash-poor rival to the ground with a steady barrage of attack ads.

The Gore camp feigns nonchalance over Bush's money advantage ("Blank



COURTING Bush with Cisco's John Chambers in Palo Alto

checks for a blank slate," quips deputy campaign manager Marla Romash) but the trends in places like California are ominous. Last week Bush marched through the Democrat-dominated Golden State like a conquering hero, collecting more than \$5 million in just three days of sold-out fund raisers. Despite Gore's assiduous cultivation of the high-tech business community in Silicon Valley, Bush drew 500 enthusiastic supporters to a top-dollar breakfast of quiche and sausage at a Palo Alto hotel. Even left-leaning Hollywood

turned out for Bush. Piqued by the Clinton Administration's investigation into whether movie executives target children with violent films, more than 100 entertainment industry bigs, including Warren Beatty and Quincy Jones, showed up for a get-to-know-George W. meeting hosted by Terry Semel, co-CEO of Warner Bros. and a longtime active Democrat.

Bush's rivals in both parties are hoping that his prodigious fund raising will spark a backlash by voters convinced that money has corrupted America's political system. McCain, for one, is turning his long-standing fight for campaign-

finance reform in Congress into an election issue aimed directly at the front runner. If such tactics bother Bush, he isn't showing it. Appearing at a park in Sacramento for an at-risk youth program last week, the polo-shirted candidate played quarterback with the kids and some beefy Sacramento State football players. On his first play, Bush called out a mischievous audible: "66! 77! ... 36.25!" As in \$36.25 million. And then he threw for a touchdown. —With reporting by David S. Jackson with Bush and Viveca Novak/Washington

LESTER RABA
◀ Paul Volcker
Former Fed Chairman
Leonard Riggio
Barnes & Noble
Howard Schultz
Starbucks

STEVE MILLER-AP
◀ Spike Lee
Michael Eisner
Sydney Pollack
Barry Diller

GARY PRESS
◀ Steve Jobs
Apple
Scott McNealy
Sun Microsystems

DALY REFLECTIONS-AP
◀ Michael Jordan
John F. Kennedy Jr.
Tommy Hilfiger
Phil Jackson

JAMES ASTER
◀ Michael Bloomberg
Bloomberg L.P.
Maurice Greenberg
AIG
Thomas Pritzker
Hyatt Corp.

RON ROBERTSON-AP
◀ David Geffen*
DreamWorks
Sumner Redstone
Viacom

RODNEY BOLDEN-AP
◀ Solomon Trujillo
U.S. West
Communications

THOMAS BOURGEOIS-AP
◀ Jerry Reinsdorf
Chicago Bulls owner
Colin Powell*

BILL BRADLEY
\$11.5 million

JOHN MC CAIN
\$4.2 million

■ VIEWPOINT ■

Lance Morrow



Don't Cry for Me, Oneonta

Can it be that Bill Clinton is merely a prequel, the horse she rode in on?

THE ELECTION RESULTS COME TO ME IN DREAMS. MY kitchen table hops and thumps like a flamenco dancer. I ask it, "How do you think Hillary Clinton will do against Giuliani? What about the presidency in 2004?" The table tells me Hillary is a great American story forming. I seem to hear the distant voice of Madonna singing the lead.

Perhaps the table is talking me into something. I am a sucker for the opinions of agitated furniture. Sometimes I believe my television set when the Sunday-morning fortunetellers are on. But it comes to me that with the Clintons, like it or not—and I do not, much—we are in the middle of a primal American saga and the important part is yet to come. Bill Clinton may be merely the prequel, the President of lesser moment—except, so to speak, as the horse she rode in on.

Do not underestimate Hillary Clinton's ambition, or her destiny. It is no small thing. At the moment, condescension droppeth as the gentle rain upon Hillary. Last week Jack Newfield, in the *New York Post*, wrote an "imaginary secret diary entry" in which poor Hillary wonders, "Am I running to solve a mid-life crisis? To get even with Bill? ... I'm not sure who I am anymore ... Where did I get so lost?" When the idea of a New York Senate race first surfaced in February, George Stephanopoulos gave Hillary a pat on the head and advised her not to run: "You don't need to prove anything."

Such smugness lacks imagination. The polls have Mrs. Clinton (not yet formally announced but house hunting in Westchester County and running hard) just about even with New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. She heads into upstate New York this week on a five-city swing (Oneonta, Utica, Syracuse, Albany, Cooperstown). But forget early polls. Over time, all great stories are subject to transformation, surprise, sudden unexpected bloom.

Hillary Clinton has good instincts and is, I suspect, a lightning-fast learner. My séance informs me:

► The carpetbagger issue hurts Hillary now but will matter less and less as her media presence saturates the state in the months to come—Hillary everywhere on local news, wearing that Yankees cap, kissing babies, talking to mothers, posing with pigs at the state fair in September.

"We New Yorkers," she'll say. The very acerbity of the fight will neutralize the carpetbagger issue—you're not a foreigner if you're in there getting beaten up. If it were a race for Governor, Giuliani would win. New Yorkers would not elect an out-of-state to run the executive branch in Albany. But Senator is a Washington job, in the oratorical branch of government.

► Rudy Giuliani will play disastrously as a candidate. He has performed well, if autocratically, as mayor of New York City, but rarely has a mayor of New York ever amounted to any-

thing outside the five boroughs. Giuliani has alienated approximately 99.9% of the black vote (and the old pols' sneer "blacks don't vote" may not apply anymore). People upstate may admire the man who cleaned up Sodom and Gomorrah, but he will not wear well, I'd guess. With his combed-over death's-head countenance, his bullying instincts and his bizarre lack of self-awareness (he seems to entertain an idea he might be President), Giuliani makes a perfect heavy. If he gets rough with Hillary, it will backfire so violently that she will pick up 10% of the vote on sympathy.

► The nasty New York press is said to be ready to eat Hillary alive. Nonsense. The New York press is a scarecrow. Its famous brutality is mostly saloon bragging by tabloid drunks on their 10th beer. Whiteewater, Filegate, the commodity trades—old business, forget it. After all, Ted Kennedy ran off a bridge a long time ago, and a woman drowned, and he's had 30 happy years in the Senate since then.

► Gender will play heavily in Hillary's favor. A lot of upstate Republicans can women are confessing to friends that while they would not normally think of voting for the Democrat, the feminist appeal overrides their traditional loyalty. Hillary Clinton recapitulates, in her life, the origin myth of liberated white American woman—the journey from the Friedman frustrations of domesticity, from the shadow of the husband to the promised land of independence, power, autonomy as a woman.

Yet Hillary's victory will result mainly from this: she has Celebrity. In the politics of turn-of-the-millennium America, Celebrity trumps all else, even when it may be disreputable. In this case most voters judge it is the lady's husband who is disreputable; she gains shine from the contrast and, at deeper levels of our psychology, accrues a fascinating power (the power of hardened martyrdom) from her stolid—not to say classy and somewhat mysterious—endurance of the lout's squalls.

Admittedly, a certain Clinton-in-Kosovo logic is at work. Outsider Hillary, like NATO, violates state borders (New York's) in the interests of morally imperative do-gooding—a form of moral colonization, what the French used to call *une mission civilisatrice*. The transgression will offend some. But, as in Kosovo, it will succeed.

I think I see a sort of Celtic mist forming around Hillary as a new archetype (somewhere between Eleanor and Evita, transcending both) at a moment when the civilization pivots, at last, decisively—perhaps for the first time since the advent of Christian patriarchy two millennia ago—toward Woman.

It may all be hallucination, of course (in which case I will bolt my kitchen table to the floor). But Hillary Clinton amounts to something more than herself, and anyone who underestimates that something is a fool.



In New York: Archetype between Eleanor and Evita

A Cold Dose of Vengeance

In Indiana, an apparent case of SIDS turns into a horror story of hardhearted pretense and murder

A MY SHANABARGER SAT up all night, watching over her husband Ron. She had sent him to bed after he had told her the story. Only she and God knew what he had said—and Amy wanted to make sure someone else heard from Ron's own lips the enormity of his crime. He was the only proof she had. Then, the horror story echoing in her head, the words hanging in the air of the house in Franklin, Ind., they had scammed and saved to buy, she stayed up to make sure he did not do anything to himself. They had loved each other very much—or so she had thought. He had bagged groceries at the supermarket where she worked and brought her roses nearly every week. He gave her a nice diamond when he proposed. Her parents loved him. They kept a neat home in spite of small salaries (she worked a cash register; he re-treaded tires at a Goodyear plant). Now they had three bedrooms: one spare, one sheltering the shards of a marriage, one painfully bereft of a baby.

Tyler was just seven months old and beginning to sit up on his own, playing peek-a-boo with a washcloth. Amy found him face down in his crib on Father's Day. That morning, instead of rousing their son, as he often did, Ron had jumped into the shower and told her to wake Tyler. She pulled on the infant's hand to turn him over and discovered his body stiff. She screamed. Ron told her to dial 911. The doctors said it was SIDS, sudden infant death syndrome. They buried Tyler two days later.

Hours after the funeral, Amy sat sobbing in her living room. Could



she have saved her baby from SIDS? The night before Father's Day, she had come home from work exhausted. She had simply asked Ron how the baby was. "Fine," she recalled him whispering.

Then, as she wept, Ron told her his story. As Tyler was cooing and playing with his feet in the crib, Ron wrapped the baby's head in plastic wrap. He then sat down for dinner and brushed his teeth before returning to see his son's last breath. He removed the wrap and turned the baby onto his stomach, switched off the light and went to bed. He wanted Amy to be the one to discover the body. "Now we're even," he said.

For what? Ron said he never forgave Amy for refusing to cut short an ocean cruise with her parents to come home and comfort him when his father died in 1996.

So, he said, he decided to marry her, have a child with her and kill it. He researched sins while waiting for her to bond with Tyler. He confessed, he said, because he was haunted by the corpse.

Amy reportedly told a friend later that Ron said he had taken out \$100,000 in insurance on Tyler—and that he had plans on how they could spend it together. She slammed down her wedding ring and was walking out when Ron threatened suicide. Who'd believe this? she wondered. Who could believe this thing? She sent him to bed and sat watch. In the morning she drove him to the sheriffs, where he repeated his confession and was charged with murder. She has been back to the house only once. —By Timothy Roche/Franklin



REVENGE: Mother, baby and father. Some skeptics think the story is too bizarre to be true



Noe and husband at their children's graves

What Justice?

How the killer of eight children got probation

STHIS ANY WAY TO TREAT A SERIAL KILLER? Marie Noe has confessed to suffocating eight of her infant children between 1949 and 1968, but last week a Philadelphia judge sentenced her to 20 years' probation, under a plea bargain. Noe will also undergo psychiatric treatment to help researchers understand why mothers kill their babies. Isn't this just a slap on the wrist?

Not exactly, says the district attorney's office. Given her age—70—and the age of the case, prosecution would have been difficult. Now, with no lengthy trial in their way, psychiatrists can immediately begin to explore the psychodynamics of a child murderer. "Instead of spending money to house this woman in prison, the money will be spent to find out why she did this," says deputy D.A. Charles Gallagher.

A family physician once described Noe as "an unstable schizophrenic personality." Her behavior reflects some characteristics of "Munchausen syndrome by proxy," a disorder in which a person induces or fakes medical problems in another in order to gain attention and sympathy. Friends say Noe used to "love attention"; in fact, she told detectives that she secretly hoped to be caught. Psychiatrists may find that she acted in a dissociative state, unaware of her actions and unable to recall what she'd done.

The Noe case had been the most famous set of sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS) fatalities. Now it is foremost in the growing conviction that SIDS doesn't run in families. Federal health officials warn that when more than one child in a family dies of apparent SIDS, doctors must consider the possibility of infanticide. "The first death of a child is a tragedy. The second is a medical mystery," says Halbert Fillinger, the coroner on one of the Noe babies. "The third is murder."

—By Bobby Cuza

SPACE INVADERS

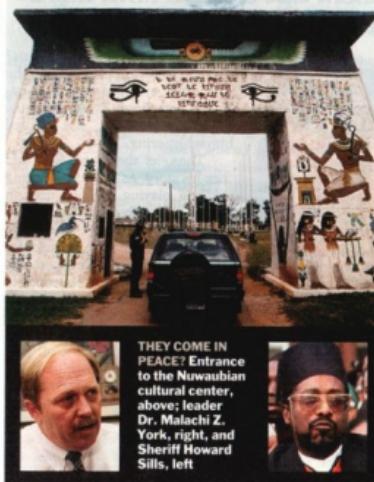
By SYLVESTER MONROE EATONTON



"I AM THE LAMB, I AM THE man," declares Dr. Malachi Z. York, 54, on his website. "I am the Supreme Being of This Day and Time, God in Flesh." And by the way, says the native of the planet Rizq, a spaceship is coming on May 5, 2003, to scoop up believers. The believers have been making quite a spectacle in the tiny town of Eatonton, Ga. (pop. 5,000), seat of the not much larger Putnam County (pop. 17,000). There, the man born Dwight York, of Sullivan County, N.Y., decreed the founding of Tama-Re, Egypt of the West, a 19-acre evocation of the ancient land, complete with 40-ft. pyramids, obelisks, gods, goddesses and a giant sphinx. It is the holy see of the Nuwaubians.

But don't call them a religion. The Nuwaubians describe themselves as a "fraternal organization" of people of different religions, including Christians, Muslims and others who just happen to share a few extra tenets. Says Marshall Chance, head of the Nuwaubians' Holy Tabernacle Ministries: "The main thing that brings us together is fellowship and facts." Among those facts: that black people are genetically superior to whites and that the Nuwaubians are direct descendants of Egyptians who, having walked from the Nile Valley to the Americas before continental drift separated the landmasses, are actually the original Native Americans. York and several hundred of his followers wandered from New York to Georgia in 1993, buying up 476 acres of land on the perimeter of Eatonton for \$575,000. And now, as a tribe of Native Americans, the Nuwaubians believe they can argue for being a sovereign people not subject to local or state jurisdiction.

EGYPT OF THE WEST The pyramid garden at Tama-Re



THEY COME IN PEACE? Entrance to the Nuwaubian cultural center, above; leader Dr. Malachi Z. York, right, and Sheriff Howard Sills, left

Not so fast, say officials in Putnam County. They have just emerged from a long wrangle with York over building-code violations in Tama-Re. And prominent citizens are smarting from the words of a leaflet campaign the "fraternal organization" inflicted on them. Among those criticized was county commissioner Sandra Adams, whom the Nuwaubians called a "house n_____. " "They feel because I am black and they are black I should be in their corner," says Adams. "But I have to obey the law, and so do they."

Putnam County Sheriff Howard Sills, another object of Nuwaubian ire, says he fears that young people are being held against their will. "No one in Georgia has ever dealt with anything like this," he says. "You only draw parallels to Waco, and I

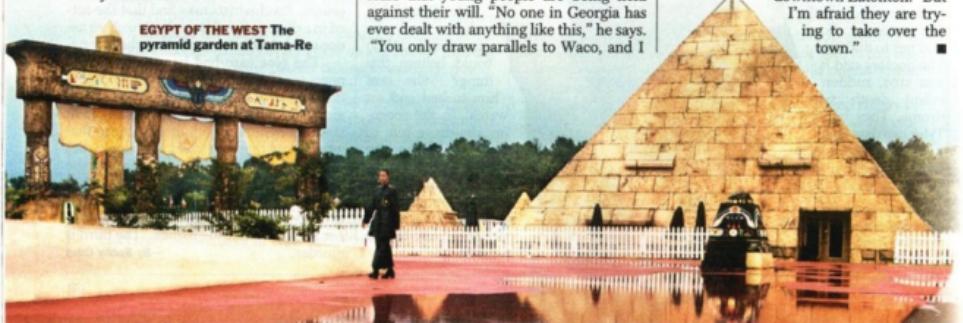
don't want a Waco. This is a cult." A Nuwaubian spokesman scoffs at the idea: "There is no one being held on Tama-Re against their will. No one is allowed to move to Tama-Re that is under 18. The children that are here belong to grown adults who have made the choice to be Nuwaubians. Nuwaubians are insulted when they are confronted with accusations that they are brainwashed or are being told by one man what to do." But don't they believe in the spaceship? Says Minister Chance: "Some of us do, and some of us don't."

Few Nuwaubians speak to the press on the record. Those who do are proud of the group. "You are here on the land," a Nuwaubian man said pointedly to a reporter in Tama-Re. "Do you see a cult or a compound?"

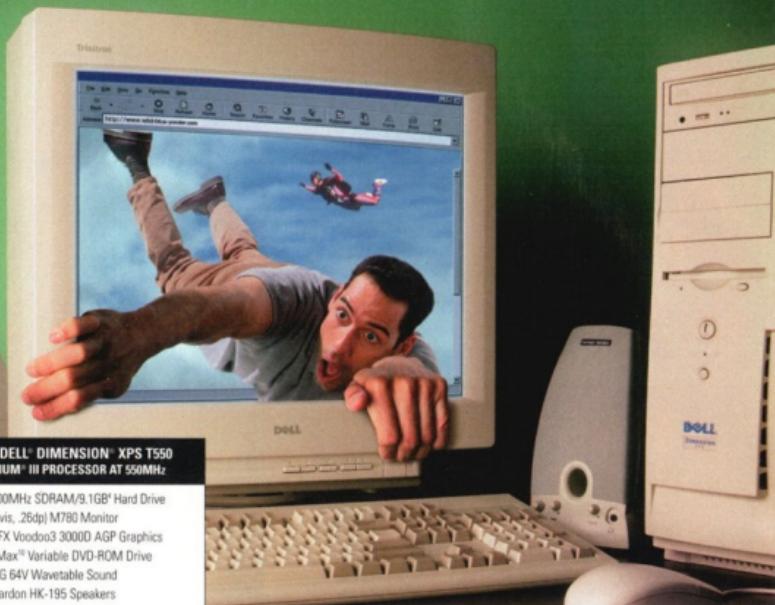
We are just people who have come together in love and peace." Still, the Nuwaubians, who now call themselves the Yamassei Native American Moors of the Creek Nation, are increasingly high profile in local politics. They have enrolled their children in public schools, registered to vote and joined local branches of civil rights organizations en masse. About 125 of the 550 members of the Putnam County N.A.A.C.P. are Nuwaubians. The people in the county, 30% black and 70% white, expect the Nuwaubians to flex their muscle at the polls any time now. "They're the nicest people," says a young white waitress at

Rusty's, a small diner in downtown Eatonton. "But

I'm afraid they are trying to take over the town."



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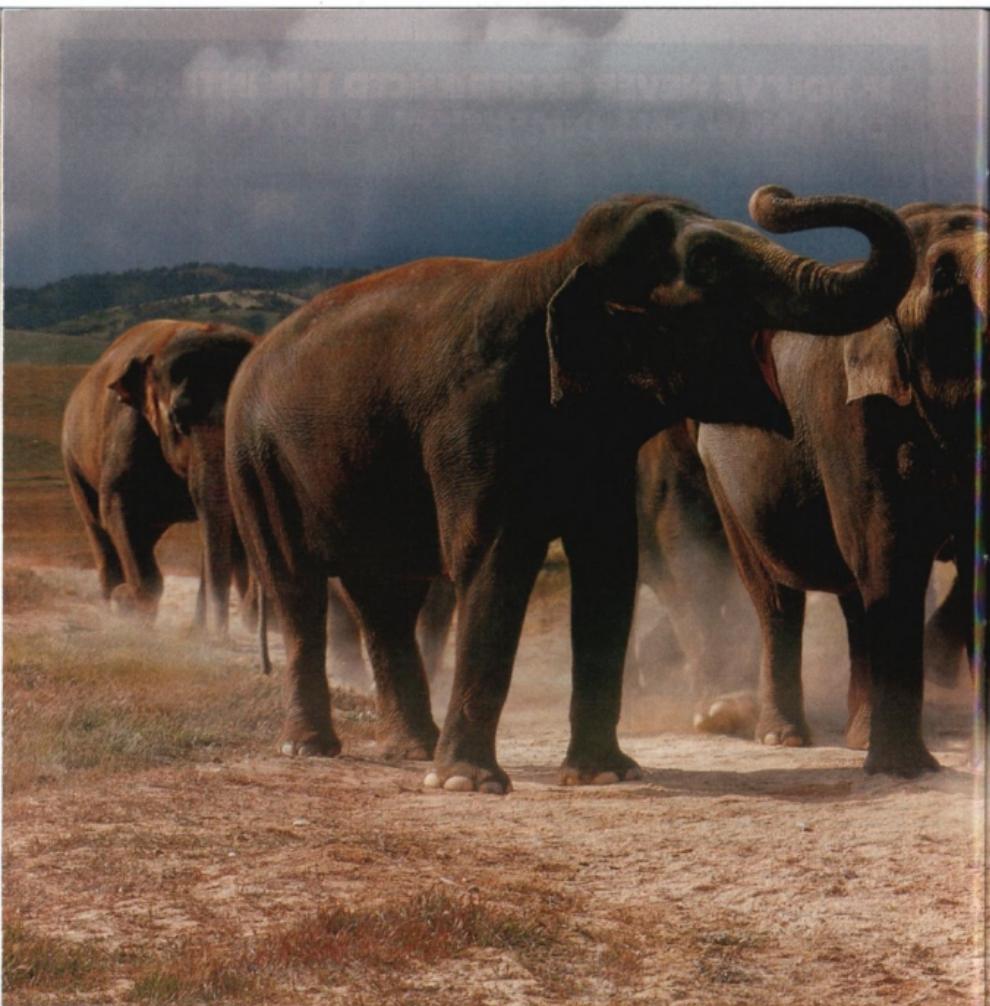
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Tearing Down Milosevic

Washington resorts to a bag of tricks to try to get Yugoslavia a new leader



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES MACHIN FOR TIME

By DOUGLAS WALLER WASHINGTON

THE CIA, TO PUT IT CHARITABLY, HAS a spotty record on overthrowing foreign governments. The times it has succeeded—in Guatemala, Iran and Chile, for example—it replaced fairly moderate governments with far more brutal regimes. And when dictators deserved the boot, the agency has been rather inept at toppling them. The CIA has been trying to oust Saddam Hussein ever since the Gulf War ended eight years ago, but he is more firmly entrenched than ever.

Now another American President has put his faith in the spooks from Langley to get rid of an unsavory leader, Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic. As NATO warplanes roared over Serbia this spring, Bill Clinton signed a secret presidential "finding" giving the CIA the green light to

try to topple Milosevic's regime. The agency's covert operation, sources tell TIME, is part of a wide-ranging plan Clinton has approved to oust the Serbian强man. On the record, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright says, "We are making it quite clear that we don't see Milosevic in the future."

The CIA's covert action plan has its exotic aspects. Agency computer hackers will try to disrupt Milosevic's private financial transactions and electronically drain his overseas bank accounts. (Intelligence officials suspect he has money socked away in Switzerland, Cyprus, Greece, Russia and China.) The CIA also hopes to funnel cash secretly to opposition groups inside Yugoslavia as well as recruit dissidents within the Belgrade government and the Yugoslav military. Last month roads in four Serbian towns and villages were blocked by young reservists protesting the

RETALIATION In the only way they can, Kosovar children rip Milosevic to shreds after they see the destruction of their homes

army's failure to pay them for two months.

Though Milosevic still commands the loyalty of his generals, a Pentagon intelligence officer says many of the colonels and junior officers who convoyed out of Kosovo are grumbling, "Why did we do this?"—particularly after they saw the destruction back home. There's no guarantee, of course, that a military coup would produce a more liberal government. Once tanks roll in Belgrade, power could fall into the hands of even more nationalist, anti-NATO hard-liners.

Far more of the Clinton plan will be carried out overtly by diplomats, bankers and even disk jockeys. To compete with Milosevic's formidable propaganda machine, the U.S. Information Agency plans to ring Serbia's border with six radio

transmitters that will beam Western news programs into the country 24 hours a day. Last month Robert Gelbard, U.S. special envoy to the Balkans, flew to Serbia's rebellious republic of Montenegro to meet with some 20 Serbian opposition leaders and plead with them to join forces against the regime.

Albright met with the German, French, British and Italian foreign ministers in New York City last week to plot how each country might exploit its ties with dissident elements in Serbia. She asked Italian Foreign Minister Lamberto Dini, for example, to place a phone call to the Vatican. The Serbian Orthodox Church last month demanded that Milosevic step down and instructed its priests to preach from the pulpit this past Sunday that Serbian forces are responsible for the atrocities in Kosovo. Washington wants Pope John Paul II, who helped engineer the toppling of Poland's communist regime, to join in taking a crack at Milosevic.

Money may be the most important weapon against Milosevic. The State Department is hatching a scheme much like the one a President uses to reward Congressmembers with federal pork when they vote his way. Clinton has told the Serbs that as long as they keep Milosevic in power, they won't get "one red cent" of the billions of dollars the West plans in economic reconstruction aid for the Balkans. But Washington has left open the possibility of sending some humanitarian aid to Serbia. The catch: Serbian municipal governments run by Milosevic's opponents, such as those in Cacak and Novi Sad, would get extra money for their local economies.

Nifty ideas, but will dollars and diplomatic maneuvers and CIA dirty tricks be enough to topple Milosevic? Serbia isn't a totalitarian state like Iraq, where Saddam puts a bullet into anyone who so much as whispers a complaint. Though Milosevic is a thug, he still has to keep the masses happy. And at the moment they're not. NATO warplanes caused almost \$30 billion worth of damage in Serbia and left a quarter of a million people jobless. Last week some 10,000 Serbs in Cacak and Novi Sad staged anti-Milosevic rallies that security forces did little to curb. The regime "destroyed us," Cacak's mayor, Velimir Ilic, shouted to the crowd from a podium in his city's main square. "They humiliat-

ed us. We are ashamed to say we are Serbs."

Albright believes that Milosevic "was shaken" by the war-crimes indictment issued by the Hague and the \$5 million bounty the U.S. offered for his capture. Some Milosevic backers in Belgrade's business community and even in his own Socialist Party have begun making private inquiries with intermediaries in Washington to explore what kind of deal the U.S. government might make for his graceful exit. Senior U.S. officials, for now, refuse to consider any comfortable retirement.

That hard line may change as Washington discovers Milosevic isn't a pushover. The CIA is having trouble just finding his bank accounts to tamper with, because most are under pseudonyms. The Serbian Orthodox Church is influential but not as powerful as the Roman Catholic Church was in Poland's revolution; most Serbs don't attend Sunday services. The U.S. radio transmissions are still being drowned out by regime-controlled media outlets, which flood the country with video and print propaganda.

Milosevic's biggest ally may end up being the opposition groups. "They call themselves *zajedno*, which in Serbian means 'together,' but they're not," Albright maintains. Instead, the coalition of some two dozen opposition parties is led by warring chieftains whose egos, says Serb Democratic Party vice president Slobodan Vuksanovic, have so far got in the way of mounting a credible political challenge. Gelbard left his Montenegro meeting with opposition leaders frustrated because their squabbling was squandering their best chance of unseating Milosevic. "They're all fighting over who will be President of Yugoslavia and not realizing that they're dealing with an extremely clever and ruthless adversary," says a senior U.S. diplomat.

Milosevic is an adversary who has faced worse odds and survived. More than two years ago, after hundreds of thousands of protesters took to the streets in Belgrade, Milosevic skillfully co-opted their leaders or intimidated the activists into submission. "He's an expert at dividing the opposition," says NATO's commander, General Wesley Clark. If his enemies again give him enough time to regroup, Milosevic could join Saddam, Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and Cuba's Fidel Castro on the growing list of dictators the CIA just can't seem to overthrow. —With reporting by Gillian Sandford/Belgrade

"We are making it quite clear that we don't see Milosevic in the future."

—Madeleine Albright

INSIDE MILOSEVIC'S PROPAGANDA MACHINE

HOW CAN SERBS SUPPORT SLOBODAN Milosevic after what he has done in Kosovo?" Westerners often ask. The truth is many Serbs just don't know the facts. Their ignorance is symptomatic of life in Serbia, where appearance and reality are carefully managed by Milosevic's propaganda machine. And though some Serbs have access to CNN and the Internet, it's still tough for them to get a clear view in a state where Milosevic controls even the weather report.

At all costs Milosevic wants to maintain his fiction that Serbia won the war and Kosovo is not lost. To achieve this illusion, Milosevic has had to engineer one of the strangest U-turns in the history of propaganda. First, NATO was the enemy, the evil aggressor who bombed Serbia. Now peacekeepers from NATO countries are said to be protecting the Serbs—and, ultimately, their stake in the province. Last week TIME's Belgrade team assembled a week's worth of Milosevic's propaganda. Then we turned to some spin experts for their analysis. Though they spotted some holes, it's clear that getting rid of Milosevic will involve finding a way to weaken his propaganda operations. —By Gillian Sandford and Duska Anastasijevic/Belgrade

OUR EXPERTS



YURI KOBALADZE was a general in Russia's intelligence service. His career included a covert posting to Britain.



ALFRED PADDOCK is the former director of psychological operations at the U.S. Department of Defense.



DONNY DEUTSCH is one of America's top ad men. His clients have included Bank of America, Louis Vuitton and Snapple.



MONDAY

THE POSTERS

The government celebrated the harvest on June 28, anniversary of a key 1389 Serbian defeat in Kosovo. The spin posters that evoked Serbia's heartland—and suggested proud self-reliance.

"Milošević has based his propaganda on themes that play on Serbian mythology. He adapts those to changing circumstances." —Paddock

TUESDAY

THE NEWSPAPER

Politika, a state-run paper, picks up Milošević's theme that Serbia won the war. Its lead: a reference to a New York Times article suggesting NATO bombers inflicted far less damage than claimed.

"The propaganda line that they have won the war makes sense. I would say, 'We have withheld aggression.'" —Kobaldzé

WEDNESDAY

THE CRONY

Milošević has a fervent supporter in Serbian president Milan Milutinović. An indicted war criminal, Milutinović hit the road selling a "reform" campaign to keep his pal in power—and himself out of jail.

"I'm reminded of Al Gore in the Rose Garden, after Clinton's impeachment, calling him one of the greatest Presidents." —Paddock

THURSDAY

THE EVENING NEWS

More than 70,000 Serbs have fled Kosovo, but the media are running stories on Serbs' returning to Kosovo. Remember, Serbia, not Kosovar. So there's nothing to flee, right?

"That's no different than if 100,000 Albanians were slaughtered and you show one alive and say we didn't slaughter anyone." —Deutsch

FRIDAY

THE QUICKIE BOOK

The government distributed a book on NATO's "war crimes" against Serbs. Inside: gruesome testimonials and grisly photos including one of a 12-year-old girl killed by a cluster bomb.

"The technique of this kind of propaganda is to create the enemy and attach horrific crimes against humanity to them." —Deutsch

How I Started a War

A Pakistani soldier's account of the Kashmir battle

He spent 77 days in Indian territory, fighting and suffering at elevations of up to 18,000 ft. He is a Pakistani soldier, and this is his account of the combat now under way in Kashmir. India and Pakistan have fought over the region since 1947, when Pakistan became a separate nation. This spring the conflict flamed again. Pakistani officials insist it was started by India, but this soldier's story suggests Pakistan was first to move. The 30-year-old soldier returned to Pakistan in mid-June for reasons he wouldn't specify. Badly sunburned from exposure, he spoke to TIME on condition of anonymity.

ROBERT NICKELBERG FOR TIME



READY, AIM . . . : Pakistani artillery unloading on Indian positions

IN FEBRUARY I WAS ORDERED TO CROSS the Line of Control and climb some mountains that the Indians controlled. My commanding officers would not allow me to take my rifle. I was against going to an Indian hill without a weapon, but I saw everybody who was being sent across the LOC was going there empty-handed. We were told it was for the sake of secrecy. It took us three days of walking and climbing to reach the Indian posts. We found they were empty. Our job was to prepare makeshift bunkers.

The first five days were hell. The M-17 military helicopter did not come with our supplies. We just had Energile [a protein-enriched food pack used in high-altitude warfare] and ice. Sometimes we ate ice with sugar.

The skirmishes with the Indians started in May. [By then, weapons had been

delivered to the men.] In the early days we mowed down many of them. Those Indians came like ants. First you see four, and you kill them. Then there are 10, then 50, then 100 and then 400. Our fingers got tired of shooting at them. Sometimes they came in such large numbers we were afraid of using up all our ammunition. There is no instant resupply, so you have to be careful. You could see lots of bodies strewn down below or in the gorges. We also suffered a lot of casualties, many more than what officials in Pakistan are claiming. During my stay up there, 17 of my friends died while fighting the Indians.

There is so much exchange of fire that you cannot eat the ice now or drink the water, which is laced with cordite. Soldiers are facing stomach problems because of this. We had no proper bunkers, so we dug a 16-ft. tunnel into the snow. When the Indian shells started landing on us, we would crawl into this tunnel for safety. You don't get enough space to spread your legs in the tents. You always sleep sitting up. Sometimes there is so much firing, you cannot relieve yourself even if you want to.

On the ridges now we have disposable rocket launchers, surface-to-air missiles and machine guns, including antiaircraft guns. On one occasion I was positioned on a mountain facing the Drass-Kargil highway. It's fun to target the Indian convoys.

Our officers are very strict. I saw a young soldier die in front of me because of altitude sickness. This soldier came from the plains. He fell sick soon after coming up. He offered our commanding officer 200,000 rupees [about \$4,000] to let him go down, but the offer was refused. He died four days later. We didn't know his name.

If you dig up in the mountains, there is no way to lift your body and take it down. The men who are fighting on those ridges know that they are in a hole from which they cannot come out alive. There are a rare few like me who somehow by fate got the chance to leave the mountains. ■

WHAT WE'RE READING



JAMES LEE BYRNE—SYGMA

The Thinker

Asia's most glamorous diplomat pens a winner

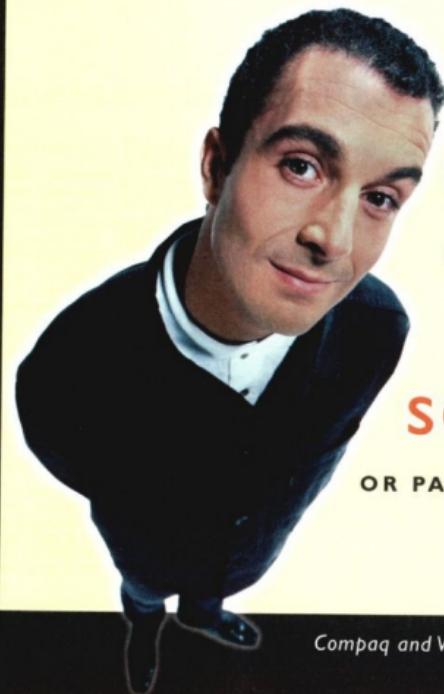


WHEN KISHORE MAHBUBANI spoke recently in New York City, he drew a glittering crowd of diplomats, bankers and politicians. It was an impressive audience for Singapore's U.N. ambassador, but Mahbubani is impressively, a diplomat-philosopher whose book, *Can Asians Think?* (Times Editions; \$9.95), has made him a must-meet thinker.

The book has been controversial, not because Mahbubani offers a particularly lurid answer to the title question—actually, he equivocates—but because of his belief that Asia is destined for greater world power, at American expense. Critics have called him anti-Western, but Mahbubani's argument is really with Western arrogance, with leaders who insist capitalism and democracy are the answer for all nations. In fact, he says, the West's hubris is accelerating its decline and polluting relations with proud, ambitious nations such as China and Japan.

Even at his most strident, Mahbubani writes with a diplomat's charm, gleefully untangling political knots into simple threads. The book has a special force because it comes from a man who is a prototype 21st century leader—he has his own URL—and a leading candidate to one day succeed Kofi Annan as U.N. Secretary-General. That pedigree is surely responsible for some of his buzz, but the ambassador's book is anything but a faddish flash.

—By Joshua Cooper Ramo



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OR PART OF THE
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I WANT MY MP3

The music industry finally

AFTER MONTHS OF FEAR, LOATHING and litigation, the music and consumer-electronics industries have decided to try to make beautiful music together. Last week the Secure Digital Music Initiative—a coalition of 100 music, electronics and high-tech companies—announced that it was provisionally blessing a controversial music format known as MP3.

MP3, in case you've lost your abbreviations handbook, is a compression scheme that allows the digital music in CDs to be shrunk to a tenth its size and still sound great. MP3 songs are small enough to be traded online, and they are by the millions—to the consternation of record companies, which fear that everything ever released on disc will end up online for free.

That's why the recording industry sued little Diamond Multimedia when it started selling a portable MP3 player last year. Not only did Diamond win in court, but it also sold 100,000 Rios along the way. With half a dozen other companies racing to produce their own versions of the Rio for Christmas, what could the music industry do?

It couldn't ignore MP3, which has become the format of choice among new bands trying to break in and vets looking for prerelease buzz. So the industry blessed it on one condition: within 18 months, when a standard is adopted that allows piracy-protected music to be sold online, the electronics companies agree to make their players compliant. What's next? Digitally pirated movies. Get ready, Hollywood.

—By Joshua Quittner

THE BASICS

IS MP3 LEGAL? Yes. The MP3 standard is used by many artists to generate buzz for concerts and CDs. However, copying commercial CDs and giving them away online (or off) violates copyright law.

HOW DO I PLAY SONGS? You need the software. PCs: Try www.musicmatch.com or www.winamp.com. Mac users: Get QuickTime Player 4.0.

WHERE DO I FIND THEM? On the Web. Start with the search engines on www.mp3.com or www.sourc.net. Read the instructions. And be patient.

HITCH GERRIN—CORBIS; RICKY MARTIN; TED FOR TIME, EQUIPMENT



■ HOW THE MUSIC BUSINESS HAS BEEN CHANGED

Yesterday: Flawed

For years, music was recorded primarily in analog format, using a microphone to convert sound waves into electrical pulses

Today: Perfect copy

Most music is recorded in a digital format, using computers to convert sound waves into a series of binary digits (0s and 1s)

Tomorrow: Limited

An agreement reached last week mandates that additional code, known as a digital watermark, be invisibly blended into all copyrighted music

■ WHAT EQUIPMENT

THE ADVENT of digital music that can be flawlessly and endlessly copied has brought a whole new generation of music players and recorders. Here's a sampling of the devices you can buy. Expect a flood of even better and less expensive players in time for the winter holidays.

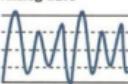
Source: The DK Science Encyclopedia
TIME Graphic
by Joe Zeff



gets the message and goes with the flow—on one condition

copies

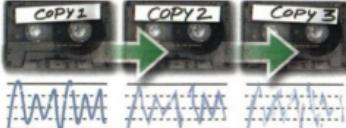
Analog wave



The pulses are recorded as tiny magnetic patterns on a strip of tape



But the magnetic patterns are altered with each duplication, degrading the sound quality



ies

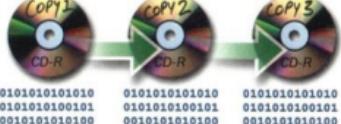
Binary code

```
010101010101010  
010101010101010  
010101010101010  
010101010101010  
010101010101010
```

The digits are then recorded as tiny pits on a CD and read by a laser



The data, on disc or converted to near CD quality in MP3 format, can be copied freely without losing fidelity



copies

Encrypted code

```
010101010101010  
0101000110001100  
0011000110101010  
010101010101010  
010101010101010
```

The code would be hidden on every disc and on every song that can be downloaded



When recording devices detect the code they will limit the number of copies that could be made



Equipment You'll Want To Buy

CD-recorder

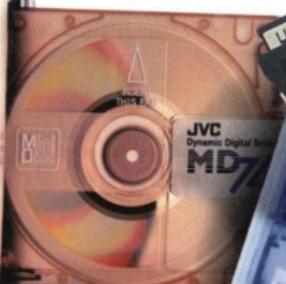
REPLACES: Cassette recorder
FUNCTION: Duplicates audio CDs or "burns" MP3s onto discs

PRICE: \$200 and up
PROS AND CONS: Can store more than 100 MP3 songs on each disc. But the technology can be tricky to use



Minidisc player

REPLACES: Cassette recorder
FUNCTION: Records music at near CD fidelity on discs
PRICE: \$200 and up
PROS AND CONS: No moving parts means the players are almost jolt-free. Not yet a big seller



Rio MP3 player

REPLACES: Portable cassette player
FUNCTION: Records, stores and plays MP3s
PRICE: \$269
PROS AND CONS: Near CD quality is a plus. But downloading MP3s or converting CDs to the format takes time

The Rio 500, due in August, can hold up to 13 hours of music downloaded from a computer. Compact discs and minidisks can each hold about 70 minutes



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1996 Automobile Magazine "All-Star"**
1996 Car and Driver "10Best"**
1996 J.D. Power and Associates "Most Appealing Minivan"**
1996 MotorWeek "Best Minivan"**
1996 "North American Car Of The Year"**
1996 Popular Mechanics "Design and Engineering Award"**
1996 Popular Science "Best Of What's New"**
1996 Automobile Journalists Assoc. of Canada "Car of the Year"**
1995 AutoWeek "Most Significant"**
1995 Kiplinger's "Best Minivan"**
1994 Kiplinger's "Best Minivan"**
1994 MotorWeek "Best Minivan"**
1992 MotorWeek "Best Minivan"**
1991 MotorWeek "Best Minivan"**
1991 Automobile Magazine "All-Star"**
1991 Kiplinger's "Most Improved"**
1990 Automobile Magazine "All-Star"**
1989 Automobile Magazine "All-Star"**
1988 Automobile Magazine "All-Star"**
1988 MotorWeek "Best Minivan"**

AMERICA'S MOST AW

1987 MotorWeek "Best Mi
1986 MotorWeek "Best Mi
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1984 Zinc Institute Award (

SAFETY AWARDS:
1997 Kiplinger's "First for I
1996 Prevention Magazine
1995 Kiplinger's "First for I
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1992 Kiplinger's "Safety (a
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VALUE AWARDS:

1998 Consumers Digest "A Bi
1998 SmartMoney "A Best Bi
1997 Kiplinger's "Best Resal
1997 Consumers Digest "A Bi
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1994 Kiplinger's "Best Seller"
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The Next E-volution

BusinessBots could transform corporate commerce, just as the Web transformed consumer shopping

By MICHAEL KRANTZ SAN FRANCISCO

SO JOE PROCUREMENT FROM ACME Chemicals wants to score a thousand pounds of polypropylene. In the old days, he'd have his broker pals ring up suppliers around the world until they found the best deal. Calls: 30 or 40, many international. Transaction time: one week. Cost: hundreds or thousands of dollars.

Moses Ma, founder and CEO of the e-commerce software start-up BusinessBots, thinks he has a better way. Sitting in BizBots' San Francisco office, he types in a polypropylene order on his JAM (Java Agent-Enabled Marketplace) prototype for the chemicals industry. A moment passes; then JAM

erdeen Group. "And you're going to see that on the business side as well."

Indeed, the fear of "getting Amazoned" is fueling a boom in business-to-business e-commerce, a \$131 billion-a-year industry that Forrester Research projects will skyrocket to \$1.5 trillion by 2003. Colossuses such as GE and Cisco have led the way with "procurement marketplaces": in-house purchasing systems to streamline transactions with their suppliers.



matches Ma's buy order—price, purity, etc.—to a compatible sell order in its order book, and boom, the deal closes. Phone calls: zero. Time: five minutes. Cost: maybe 10 bucks. "Theoretically," Ma says, smiling, "it makes sense to do everything this way."

The next e-commerce wave is hurtling down on the Web. It's called the e-market; it's coming soon to an industrial-era sector near you, and Ma may turn out to be its avatar. "Moses' intellect operates on a plane well above mere mortals," says Joel Friedman, a managing partner at Andersen Consulting, which last month agreed to develop and sell e-market software and services with BizBots. "And we think he might have built a better mousetrap."

Here's the pitch: capitalism thrives on the reduction of friction, and the Web is the most effective friction reducer since the assembly line. The dot-com revolution hit first for consumers; as soon as Amazon, for instance, put millions of discount books within buying reach of anyone with a modem and a credit card, ordinary bookstores had to change or die. "E-markets have had a very significant impact," says Tim Minahan, an e-commerce analyst for the Ab-

The Web According to Moses

Ma envisions e-commerce that's smarter and has a more human touch:

- **IN A JAM** BizBots' Java Agent-Enabled Marketplace (JAM) offers business-to-business transactions as fast and dynamic as the stock market's
- **FREE AGENTS** Sophisticated software lets users make quality checks, evaluate performance and even do automated, e-mail-based haggling

Now start-ups such as Ariba and Commerce One—both of which just enjoyed successful IPOs—are launching "vertical marketplaces": bulletin-board and auction-oriented sites that render intra-industry transactions faster, cheaper and smarter by gathering buyers and sellers into one virtual locale. There's Metalsite.com for steel prod-

ucts; Fastparts.com for electronics; PlasticsNet.com for plastics; Solidwaste.com for ... well, you get the picture.

"A year ago, we were getting lots of sideways glances," says Jon Corshen, V.P. of product marketing for Tradex, based in Tampa, Fla., which built the Metalsite vertical market and NTT's internal marketplace, among others. But eBay's rousing success last Christmas solidified the idea's legitimacy. "Since January," he says, "you can't stop hearing about marketplaces. People are figuring out that if you're just sitting there with a Rolodex, you may be at a disadvantage."

BizBots, launched two years ago via a \$5 million federal grant, is taking this view to its logical extreme by developing e-markets that aspire to what Ma calls "perfect transparency," in which each member can instantaneously act on every last piece of industry data. Ma's JAM is a real-time 24-hour automated "market of markets" that uses agents, or "bots"—software that travels through cyberspace performing often complex tasks—to link many sites in a given business sector, creating one Universal Market. JAM auto-

mates even very human processes, such as haggling, quality estimation and reputation management, on its way to delivering optimal deals for all concerned.

It is a beautiful vision whose rewards, friction reduction-wise, would be considerable. Of every \$100 in chemicals deals, Ma estimates, \$15 goes to marketing and sales costs, such as ads, travel and other Willy Loman expenses. These could drop 90% if product lines and updated inventories were sitting in universal markets for your customers' software agents to sift through.

Not bad—if he can really pull that off. BizBots is currently creating e-market pilots for the chemicals, financial-services, transportation and bandwidth arenas; so far their potential customers seem intrigued but wary. But given what the Web did for consumer commerce, Ma likes his chances. "This is bigger than just businesses," he says, scrolling lovingly through his alphabetized list of 300 target sectors, from Accounting to Watches and Clocks. "It's about owning entire markets." Joe Procurement and his broker pals will never know what hit them. ■

Rise of the Permatemp

Employers are using highly skilled temps full time to keep costs down. Now it may be time to pay up

By DANIEL EISENBERG

YOU USED TO SPOT A TEMP A MILE AWAY. He would show up at the office for a day, asking too many questions, trying to remember the firm's name when answering the phone, unable to find the copier or get the copier to work.

In the flexible workforce of the 1990s, though, temps tend to stick around longer and end up blending right in, doing everything from developing complex computer software to editing magazines. Since they often stay in one (sometimes high-level) position for the long haul, they've earned the name "permatemps." The deal is supposed to benefit both parties; the workers aren't tied to the job, and the company doesn't shell out for costly benefits. But many temps feel like second-class corporate citizens, denied company perks like health insurance and 401(k)s.

Now many of them are fighting to change that status. Just two weeks ago, a class action was filed against Atlantic Richfield for allegedly misclassifying oil-field workers as temps in an effort to exclude them from company health- and retirement-benefit plans. ARCO denies the charge and says the plaintiffs do not work for them but for oil-field service firms. In May, as Microsoft was handing full-timers a pay raise, a federal appeals court in San Francisco ruled that as many as 10,000 former temps should have been allowed to take part in the employee stock-purchase plan. "Labels don't matter. It's what you're doing, not what you're called," says Cathy Ruckelshaus of the National Employment Law Project.

Meanwhile, media giant Time Warner (parent company of TIME's publisher) is facing federal labor charges for allegedly denying benefits to hundreds of writers and artists by misclassifying them as temporary workers. Time Warner denies the charges and says the Labor Department is trying to make new law with the suit. Some longtime

temps at another publisher, McGraw-Hill, just started pleading their case to management, joining the ranks of "contingent" techies, truckers, bellhops and professors who feel they're being shortchanged.

"We want to make sure there isn't a two-tier workforce," says Chris Owens, assistant director for public policy at the AFL-CIO,

But "hiring qualified temporary employees has evolved from a stopgap measure to a competitive imperative," said Brian Bohling, a senior vice president at staffing giant CDI Corp. in a report, *The New Nomads*. Besides saving money on benefits, firms prize the flexibility of keeping only a small core of full-timers and ramping up for specific projects. Silicon Valley, with the ebb and flow of its product cycles, relies heavily on permatemps; a new report shows the temp industry has been California's leading job creator for the past five years. No wonder the Information Technology Association of America says the Microsoft ruling would "serve to undermine the information economy."

Many high-tech firms contend that workers like flexible arrangements. They sometimes earn better wages than their full-time peers and can often buy a package of benefits from their agency. With their services in great demand, the argument goes, permatemps can job-hop at will and learn skills at each stop. There's no denying that many free agents prefer it that way; yet there are many more who would jump at the offer of a full-time gig.

Those are the people Marcus Courtney represents. A former Microsoft permatemp, Courtney is the founder of WashTech, a new union trying to organize high-tech workers. "The courts have said the charade is up," says Courtney. A band of 16 Microsoft permatemps has formed a collective-bargaining group allied with WashTech. The larger fight at Microsoft is far from over. The company is appealing the ruling; class-action claims over access to its 401(k) plan and health and other benefits are pending.

Microsoft insists that many permatemps don't want their freedom jeopardized. Says spokesman Dan Leach: "In many cases, we find someone who turns down a permanent position because he's not interested in a pay cut." Kamal Larsuel, a software tester at Microsoft, would have no such reservations. Like many of the 6,000 other temporary "Microserfs," Larsuel has virtually no contact with her agency—yet she can't even attend work "morale" outings to the movies. She admits to being excited about the recent court decision. But she and others in her situation share an overriding concern: the ruling could backfire, and Microsoft could be the first of many companies that decide to get rid of permatemps permanently. ■



Job Insecurity

Temp-agency workers
(in millions)

Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics
*projected

	1989	1992	1995	1998	2006*
1.2	1.4	2.2	2.8	4.0	

which is pushing a bill in Congress to make it harder to classify full-timers as independent contractors. On any given day, there are about 3 million temporary workers in the U.S.

Permatemps got their start after the vast restructuring of the past decade, when slimmed-down companies found themselves shorthanded as business picked up. Initially they were reluctant to hire full-time workers in case business turned down again.



THAILAND An AIDS victim at a hospice in a Buddhist temple

Ethics and AIDS Drugs

Some countries want to suspend patent and trade laws to get lower-cost medications to the poor

By WILLIAM DOWELL

THE LATEST DRUG COCKTAILS MAY SOON downgrade AIDS from a death sentence to a chronic disease—in countries that can afford the typical \$15,000 annual cost per patient. But what about the cash-starved developing world, which currently accounts for nearly 90% of new HIV infections? It's an issue that countries like South Africa and Thailand are struggling with. And a growing number of government health ministers and AIDS activists are proposing an unusual solution: rip off the drug companies.

They're not really stealing, of course, but that's the way U.S. drug companies—backed by Uncle Sam—view a tactic being employed in South Africa and elsewhere. The tactic uses a loophole in the World Trade Organization's Trade-Related Intellectual Property Rights agreement to exempt worst-hit countries from patent restrictions on essential drugs. The loophole, Article 31, authorizes emergency use of "compulsory licensing" to produce essential drugs locally as long as royalties are paid. Another tactic: parallel importing, or

buying in a country where the needed drugs are cheaper, circumventing artificially high prices set by the patent holders for some areas.

The hottest debate is in South Africa, where nearly 3.5 million of that country's 40 million citizens are HIV-infected—more than three times the U.S. rate—and 50,000 new HIV cases emerge each month. Drug prices tend to be high, a holdover from apartheid, when price premiums were needed to encourage foreign companies to override sanctions. Says Mojanku Gumbi, an adviser to South Africa's new President, Thabo Mbeki: "This is not about intellectual property rights. It's about pricing structure and segmenting of markets. We are saying that the drug companies can't make the same profits they made under apartheid."

South Africa passed a law last year that gives the Ministry of Health discretion to authorize parallel importing and compulsory licensing in critical situations. But a consortium of 40 drug companies—about a third of them American—filed a suit that has kept the law tied up.

Expensive AIDS drugs ...

Multidrug treatment in the West runs from \$12,000 to \$15,000 or more per patient per year. The typical budget in developing countries for total health care is \$10 per person per year



... tempt poor countries to bend the rules

■ THAILAND
Has used competition to bring down prices of drugs such as AZT by producing some compounds locally

In the U.S. the debate erupted in public recently when Vice President Al Gore declared his candidacy for the White House. AIDS activists heckled him and brandished signs accusing him of siding with the drug companies. Gore, shaken by the ferocity of the attacks, shifted course and said he supported compulsory licensing and parallel importing, "so long as they are done in a way consistent with international agreements."

A similar struggle has been going on in Thailand, which has an estimated 1.5 million HIV infections out of a population of 60 million. Yet Thailand's ability to produce drugs locally has forced the multinational companies to drop prices. Until last year, Flucanazole, an important antibiotic used to fight a fatal form of meningitis that accompanies AIDS, cost \$7.36 a tablet. This year the Thais began manufacturing it locally, and the price dropped to \$1. Glaxo Wellcome reduced the price of AZT to less than \$1 per tablet after Thailand began making its own version.

Pharmaceutical companies insist the high prices are necessary to finance new-drug development. That's certainly true, at least initially. Yet many of the recent breakthroughs have been paid for by U.S. taxpayers. AZT was discovered by the National Cancer Institute and given to Burroughs Wellcome (now Glaxo Wellcome). DDI was developed at the National Institutes of Health and licensed to Bristol-Myers Squibb.

To its credit, Bristol-Myers Squibb has also taken the lead in philanthropy, with an offer to give \$100 million to fight AIDS in five African countries over the next five years. A sizable chunk is earmarked to bring African doctors to the U.S. so they can be trained to carry out research and clinical trials back in Africa. But even that has raised a red flag among activists. "A lot of the companies are using the cheaper labor costs and the lack of ethical codes in developing countries as a way to get the trials done more cheaply and quickly," says Dan Berman of Doctors Without Borders. A better solution, the activists suggest, would be for drugs known to be effective to be made available at a price these regions can afford. ■

FRANCIS SHERRY - AP/WIDEWORLD

■ SOUTH AFRICA
Faced with 50,000 new AIDS cases a month, the country may resort to parallel importing to get supplies of critical drugs

PEAK SEASON

Scrambling up Colorado's famous 14,000-ft. mountains has become a popular summer sport. Too popular

By RICHARD WOODBURY

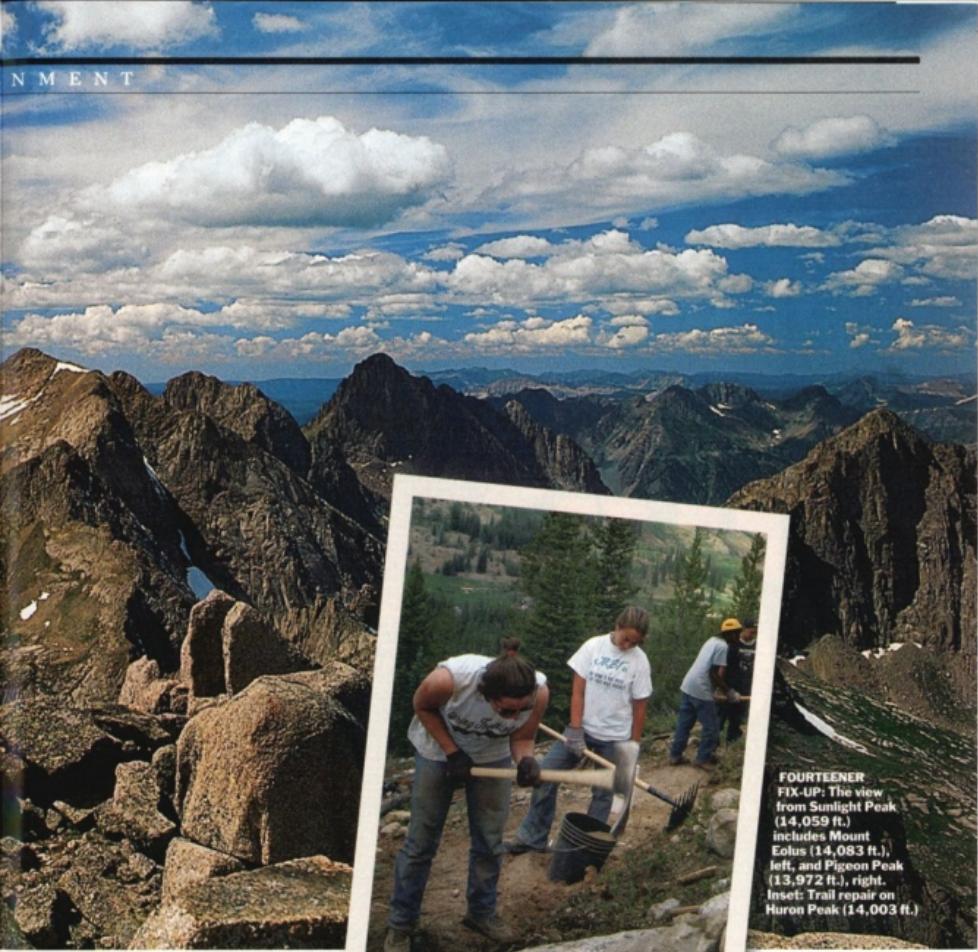
AS HE THREADED HIS WAY UP through fields of jagged boulders and knee-deep snow toward the summit of Colorado's Mount Bierstadt last week, Denver banker Don Pritchett looked forward to the splendor and isolation of the 14,060-ft. peak. But when he reached the top, he found he had to share the wind-torn precipice with nine other climbers and a Labrador retriever. According to a logbook wedged in the rocks, a dozen more climbers had already

beaten him to the summit that morning.

It's a scene that will be re-enacted on mountaintops across the U.S. this summer, from the Sierras in California to the Adirondacks in New York. But it's a particular problem in Colorado's highest peaks—and especially the 54 mountains that top 14,000 ft. The Fourteeners, as they are affectionately known by locals (and a growing stack of outdoor magazines and travel guides), have become a magnet to upwardly mobile climbers sporting high-tech gear and checklists of the peaks they've bagged. More than 200,000 are expected to scale the Fourteeners this year, three times as many as a decade ago.

The problem is that most of Colorado's biggest mountains don't have well-defined trails to the top. So hikers scramble up the slopes any way they can, disrupting the natural drainage systems and trampling the fragile ecosystem—which includes tundra rarely seen in such abundance outside the Arctic. Where once there were rock jasmine and alpine forget-me-nots, there are now deep gullies, muddy lagoons and widespread erosion. "We are loving the Fourteeners to death," laments former Colorado Governor Dick Lamm, who has scaled 49 of them.

Now the mountains are fighting back—with a little help from their friends. The



ERIC WILCZEK/INSET STEVE BURDICK

Colorado Fourteeners Initiative, a coalition of private mountain-loving groups, along with the Forest Service and other public agencies, has targeted 35 of the 54 peaks for restoration. Every weekend a small army of volunteers heads for the hills, blazing trails, shoring up paths and redirecting misguided streamlets. On Humboldt Peak, more than 400 tons of rock were hauled in by rope and bucket to plug a 4-ft.-deep gully that ran for a quarter-mile. On Grays Peak, a well-groomed trail to the summit will be fashioned to replace a spiderweb of paths that climbers have etched haphazardly in the tundra. On Bierstadt, which has been singled out for attention this summer,

workers are building boardwalks and diverting stream runoff to dry up muddy quagmires that have engulfed the main route.

Not everybody is in favor of the rescue mission. Some diehards argue that the best way to protect the mountains is to leave them alone; new trails, they fear, will only attract more climbers. But Keith Desrosiers, the initiative's executive director, argues that they will come anyway. "More people are moving here; more hikers are coming," he says. "That's a given." Unless

FOURTEENERS
FIX-UP: The view from Sunlight Peak (14,059 ft.) includes Mount Eolus (14,083 ft.), left, and Pigeon Peak (13,972 ft.), right.
Inset: Trail repair on Huron Peak (14,003 ft.)

the climbers are channeled up the mountains in an orderly fashion, he fears, the mountains will be overrun.

Among the volunteers, straining in the thin air at timberline to repair gashed trails, there's no time—or breath—to waste wondering whether the Fourteeners are worth their sweat to preserve. "I've enjoyed these mountains for 35 years, and I brought up two daughters climbing," says Susie Frazee, a retired elementary school teacher, as she attacked Bierstadt's slime with a hoe. "Now I just want to give something back."

S P O R T

INSIDE THE CRAZY CULTURE OF KIDS SPORTS

Competitive athletics can help keep children happy and out of trouble—but it takes over some families' lives

By ANDREW FERGUSON

KELLY DONNELLY IS BRIGHT AND PRETTY AND lives in Cranford, N.J. She is 13 years old, and she plays soccer. Boy, does she play soccer! Her sister Katie is 15. She plays soccer too. And their dad Pat—well, Pat drives. He drives one girl or the other to soccer practice most every day, and to Virginia for the occasional soccer tournament, and even to Canada once in a while, for more soccer. Last week he drove the girls home from soccer camp in Pennsylvania. Not long ago, Pat logged 300 miles in his green 1994 Dodge Caravan so that Kelly could play in three games on Saturday. Katie had two games that day.





THE GLENNON family's free time, and floor space, are filled by the children's sporting pursuits

INSIDE THE CRAZY CULTURE OF KIDS SPORTS

Then they had five on Sunday.

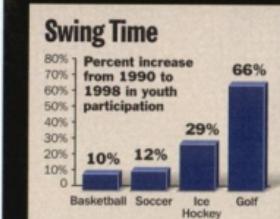
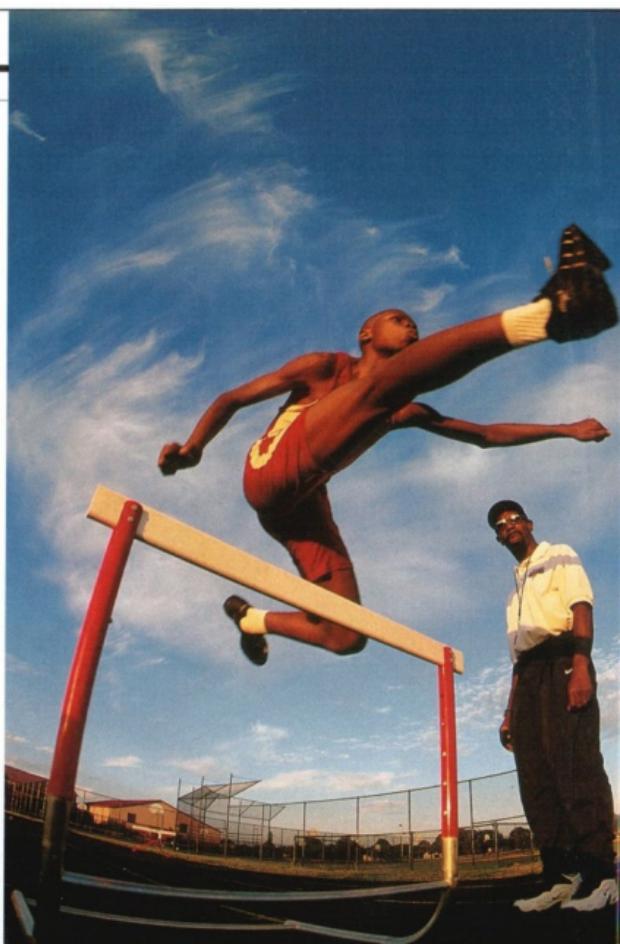
And how was your weekend?

Pretty much the same, probably, if yours is among the growing number of American families that have succumbed to the mania of kids' athletics as they are conceived in the late 1990s: hyperorganized, hypercompetitive, all consuming and often expensive. Never before have America's soccer fields, baseball diamonds, hockey rinks and basketball courts been so awash with children kicking, swinging, checking and pick-and-rolling.

Some estimates put the number of American youths participating in various organized sports at 40 million. According to the Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association, the number of kids playing basketball now tops 12 million. Not to mention the nearly 7 million playing soccer. Or the 5 million playing baseball. Hockey, originally played on frozen ponds, is now a year-round sport involving more than half a million kids from Maine down through the Sunbelt. The Turcotte Stick-handling Hockey School, based in Ormond Beach, Fla., of all places, expects 6,400 kids to take part in its clinics this summer, up from 2,600 in 1992.

But it is not just the number of kids playing an organized sport that's unprecedented. It's the way they're playing it—or, to be more precise, the way their parents are arranging for them to play it. Kelly Donnelly's team, the SMC Strikers, offers a good illustration of what is happening to kids' athletics. Not so long ago, games were weekly, teams were local and each sport had its own brief season. And now? "I played varsity soccer in high school and college," says Bob Seiple, a coach for Kelly's team. "During that time, I might have played a total of 50 games. Kelly might play 50 games in a single year."

The Strikers are a travel team—sometimes known as a select or club team—comprising kids who have risen through local soccer squads to be selected for more competitive play. They're drawn from a variety of mostly suburban neighborhoods and towns in a given region, and they will make single-day or weekend-long pilgrimages to meet other similarly skilled teams on distant soccer fields. Their coaches are not volunteer dads but traveling professionals, some of them imported from countries like Britain. Kelly's parents will pay roughly \$3,000 a year for her soccer experience, including club dues (which cover the coaches' pay), private clinics, summer camps, travel and hotels. For the kids, the commitment sometimes seems almost total. Many have abandoned other organized



■ TRACK AND FIELD

Barry Saunders, 13, trains with his dad Stan in hopes of a shot at the Olympics.

WHAT IT COSTS

Equipment: \$600 to \$1,500 a year

Clubs: \$100 first year, \$50 thereafter

Travel: \$100 to \$500 a meet

Clinics: \$50 to \$100 a day; a three-day stay at hurdle camp is \$600

HOW MUCH TIME

Schedule: 2 to 9 hours of practice a day, plus a daylong track meet every Saturday



Soccer

Thirteen-year-old Kelly Donnelly goes for a goal at Villanova University's summer soccer camp for women

WHAT IT COSTS

Equipment: \$85 to \$265 for uniforms and cleats

Camps: \$30 to \$400 a year

Travel: \$50 to \$250 for each tournament

Clinics: \$400 to \$600 for a week at an overnight camp

HOW MUCH TIME

Schedule: 6 to 16 hours a week of practice and games

Basketball

Eva Rodriguez, 12, far right, dreams of one day playing in the WNBA

WHAT IT COSTS

Equipment: \$200 to \$395 for shoes and uniforms

Camps: \$12.40 to \$150 a year

Travel: \$60 to \$210 a month for a player and parent to attend out-of-town games

Clinics: \$100 to \$400 a week

HOW MUCH TIME

Schedule: 2 to 6 hours of practice daily, plus games



SPORT

sports—and sometimes even their school's team—to concentrate on the travel squad. "It's tough to play at this level if you don't do it year round," Seiple says.

To be sure, plenty of kids still participate in sports through lower-intensity recreational leagues. But kids' sports, like other American institutions circa 1999, have succumbed to a cycle of rising expectations. More and more parents and kids want better coaching, more of a challenge and the prestige that comes from playing with the best. All of which fuels the growth in travel teams. Says Judy Young, executive director of the National Association for Sport and Physical Education (a professional coaches' association) in Reston, Va.: "Nobody seems to want to play on a little neighborhood team for more than one season." Kids who want to make the big step up from "rec" sports to travel team often take private instruction, at \$70 an hour or more, or attend specialized

summer sports camps and clinics, where attendance is booming. The governing body of Little League baseball, for example, has seen attendance more than double, to 2,900 kids, at its five summer-camp locations around the country. Kids' athletics today is not a pursuit for dilettantes—even among 13-year-olds, who used to be dilettantes by nature.

Coaches are recruiting talented children as young as eight, whose after-school hours, weekends and summer vacations are occupied by clinics, practices, tournaments and fight-to-the-death competition. The old childhood ideal of goofing off—what the grimmer parenting books term "nonstructured play"—isn't an option. As the kids get older, the more talented rise to ever more selective teams, perhaps representing an entire county, while their less gifted (or less committed) teammates drop away. Family holidays, including Christmas and Thanksgiving, dissolve into long treks to tournaments.

Coaches can get caught in bidding wars—recruited and signed to contracts drawn up by team managers and parents, for annual salaries as high as \$60,000. If

INSIDE THE
**CRAZY
CULTURE OF
KIDS
SPORTS**

they don't perform according to expectations, they can be dumped with a dispatch that would make George Steinbrenner smile.

And waiting at the end of the young competitor's rainbow is more than a trophy, more than the thrill of victory, more even than the molding of good character that has been the traditional purpose of children's sports. Now the goal might be a scholarship to defray the stratospheric costs of college, or at least a record of athletic accomplishment that could provide the edge in gaining admission. The dream might be a berth on an Olympic team, or even a career in professional sports.

If all this sounds familiar, it probably

S P O R T

they don't perform according to expectations, they can be dumped with a dispatch that would make George Steinbrenner smile.

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On the practical side, a child busy with sports is less susceptible to the lure of drugs and gangs and the despair we've

lately seen in places like Littleton, Colo. "It keeps kids out of trouble and away from the TV," says Lea Kielinski, 28, a nurse in Oakland, Calif., whose nine-year-old daughter and seven-year-old son play competitive basketball. Most sports programs, despite their excesses, manage to promote the old virtues: self-confidence, personal responsibility, teamwork, persistence, the ability to win and lose with grace. "It's an organized sport, Danny's got to learn a little teamwork, some structure and discipline," says Terrence Straub, a Washington steel executive and father of Daniel, 9, and two older sons.

The benefits can be even measured on the child's report card. "We know from a lot of research that kids who participate in sports tend to do better academically," says Mark Goldstein, a child clinical psychologist at Roosevelt University in Chicago. "It forces them to be more organized with their time and to prioritize a lot better."

Of course, the traditional virtues come wrapped in the garb of the less than traditional 1990s, when prosperity is at an all-time high and leisure at an all-time low. In the Glennon household in Lake Forest, Ill., parents John and Kathy and their three younger daughters have re-arranged family life around the hockey schedule of son Nick, 10. One week's lineup: Sunday: practice from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. Monday: power skating from 7 p.m. to

8 p.m. Tuesday: game night. Friday: a fund-raising dinner dance for the team. Sunday: another game. And several days a week, Nick joins a group of kids who take an hour of private instruction from the former speed coach of the Chicago Blackhawks.

Beyond the expense in time, there is the expense of, well, expense. Hockey is easily the most costly of the team sports. Nick has been playing since he was five, and this year, says John, 46, an investment banker, the family will spend as much as \$4,500 on the boy's hockey habit: for equipment, gas and hotel rooms, summer training camps and the membership fee to the local hockey association, which covers coaches' salaries and rink rentals. "It's worth it," says Nick's mom Kathy. "It provides exercise, discipline and camaraderie."



PHOTO BY ETTIENNE B. ROYETTE

should. Throughout the cold war, complacent Americans watched with disdain as promising youngsters behind the Iron Curtain were plucked from home and hearth and sent to spend their childhood in athletic camps where they would be ruthlessly forged into international competitors, exemplars of the totalitarian ideal.

But that was years ago. Watching the crazy culture of kids' sports in America today, a cynic might marvel at how the world has changed. The good news is that the cold war is over. The bad news is that the East Germans won.

That's a harsh view, of course, and it is one not shared by many of the families who crowd the playing fields and gyms. Even in the most intense programs, the kids will tell you this is what they want:

■ BASEBALL

No. 4 Casey McKinley, 5, and his fellow Hawks cheering in Parker, Colo.

WHAT IT COSTS

Equipment: \$150 to \$450 for bats, gloves, uniforms and shoes

Clubs: \$25 to \$150 a year for league and team fees

Travel: Most youth teams play near home, but kids in elite travel squads spend \$10 to \$100 a week

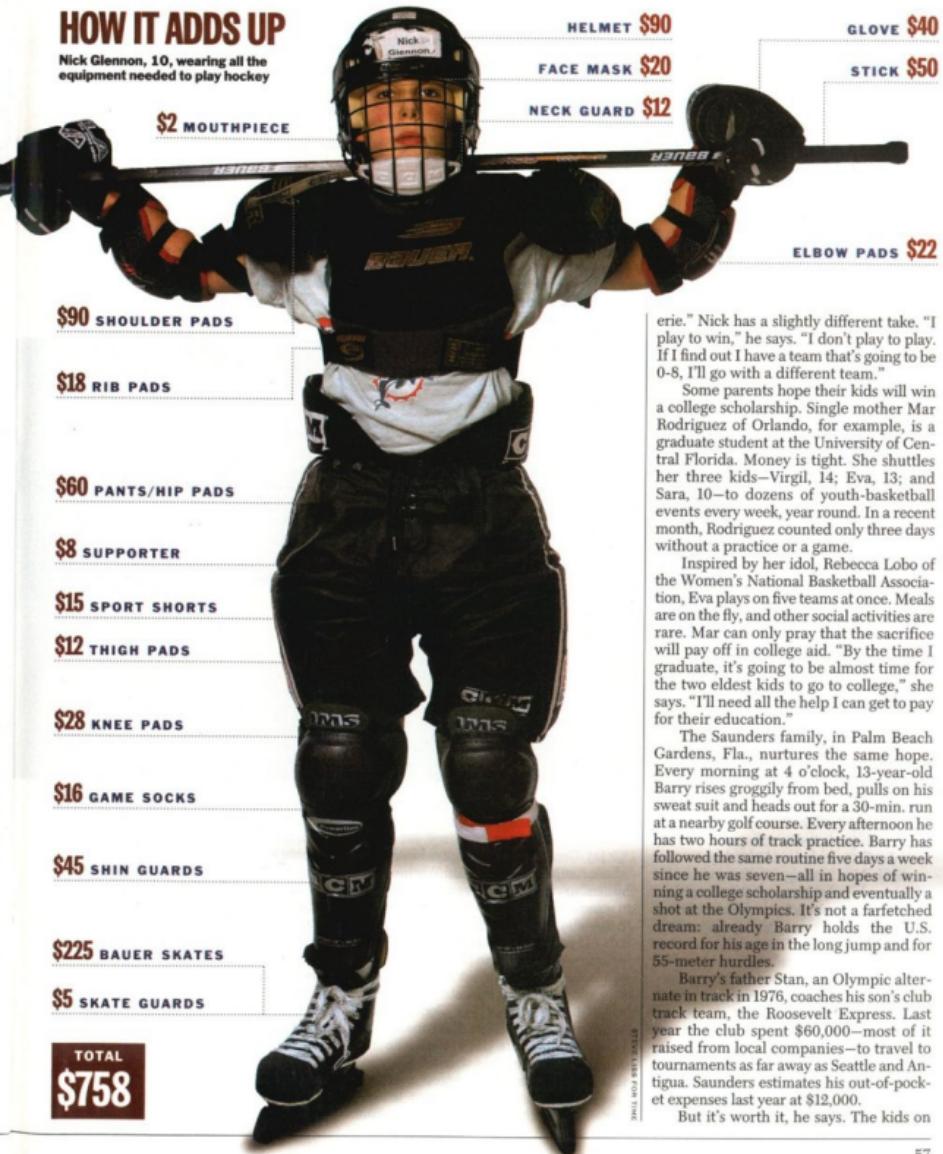
Camps: \$200 to \$600 for intensive summers and spring breaks

HOW MUCH TIME

Schedule: 3 to 12 hours of practice a week, plus 2 to 4 games

HOW IT ADDS UP

Nick Glennon, 10, wearing all the equipment needed to play hockey



erie." Nick has a slightly different take. "I play to win," he says. "I don't play to play. If I find out I have a team that's going to be 0-8, I'll go with a different team."

Some parents hope their kids will win a college scholarship. Single mother Mar Rodriguez of Orlando, for example, is a graduate student at the University of Central Florida. Money is tight. She shuttles her three kids—Virgil, 14; Eva, 13; and Sara, 10—to dozens of youth-basketball events every week, year round. In a recent month, Rodriguez counted only three days without a practice or a game.

Inspired by her idol, Rebecca Lobo of the Women's National Basketball Association, Eva plays on five teams at once. Meals are on the fly, and other social activities are rare. Mar can only pray that the sacrifice will pay off in college aid. "By the time I graduate, it's going to be almost time for the two eldest kids to go to college," she says. "I'll need all the help I can get to pay for their education."

The Saunders family, in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., nurtures the same hope. Every morning at 4 o'clock, 13-year-old Barry rises groggily from bed, pulls on his sweat suit and heads out for a 30-min. run at a nearby golf course. Every afternoon he has two hours of track practice. Barry has followed the same routine five days a week since he was seven—all in hopes of winning a college scholarship and eventually a shot at the Olympics. It's not a farfetched dream: already Barry holds the U.S. record for his age in the long jump and for 55-meter hurdles.

Barry's father Stan, an Olympic alternate in track in 1976, coaches his son's club track team, the Roosevelt Express. Last year the club spent \$60,000—most of it raised from local companies—to travel to tournaments as far away as Seattle and Antigua. Saunders estimates his out-of-pocket expenses last year at \$12,000.

But it's worth it, he says. The kids on

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S P O R T

the team, many from underprivileged backgrounds, get to go places and meet people they otherwise would not. Also, college coaches are scouting the national competitions for recruits, even among kids as young as Barry. "We just feel very fortunate," Stan says, "that we're able to afford for him to compete at the next level. Because that's where the recruiters are."

For most kids, though, the odds of a scholarship are long. Robert Malina, director of the Institute for the Study of Youth Sports at Michigan State University, says most parents would be better off putting the money they spend on travel teams into a savings account. According to the Na-

bleachers at a hapless preteen fumbling on the field, has become an American archetype and a symbol of the unmeasured costs of kids' sports.

Violence is rare but not unheard of. Military police were called in to stop a parents' brawl at a "tinytite" football game in Repton, Ala., last October. A T-ball coach in Wagoner, Okla., was sentenced to 12 days in jail for attacking a 15-year-old umpire. California recently passed a law making it a felony to assault a sports official in an amateur contest.

More common is the low-voltage ugliness of parents who just don't know when to let up, or shut up. Hockey parents in suburban Washington are used to such sights as the dad who ran up to his son after an unexpected loss recently to rage at

was inhibiting their play. "Well, you're the parent and I'm the coach," came the reply, "and I'm the one who knows how to play this game." Bradley walked away without mentioning that he had just coached the Chicago Fire to the championship of Major League Soccer.

Critics cite such unpleasantness to account for the 73% of kids who quit their childhood sports by age 13, according to studies. "They drop out because it ceases to be fun, and the pressures put on them by coaches and parents don't make it worthwhile," says Fred Engh of West Palm Beach, Fla. He's a professional coach, father of seven and author of the book *Why Johnny Hates Sports*.

Too often, says Engh, "we take Johnny and Mary and push them into sports with-

TENNIS

Students at the Nike camp in Lawrenceville, N.J., spend the summer practicing and playing in tournaments

WHAT IT COSTS

Equipment: \$130 to \$750 for rackets, shoes

Clubs: \$50 to \$700 a year, plus \$40 to \$100 a week (coaching, court time)

Travel: \$100 to \$1,500 a month, depending on how many tournaments

Clinics: \$600 to \$900 a week at tennis camp, \$150 for a one-day clinic

HOW MUCH TIME

Schedule: 2 to 6 hours of practice and exercise drills daily, plus weekend tournaments



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN KELLY FOR TIME

tional Center for Educational Statistics, fewer than 1% of the kids participating in organized sports today will qualify for any sort of college athletic scholarship.

Still, Mar Rodriguez knows parents who have hired private coaches for girls as young as 10. Andrew Roderick, who heads UK-Elite, the company that supplies British coaches for Kelly Donnelly's team, says such parents may be setting up their kids for disappointment. "The big thing is fun," he says. "If you're not having fun with it, you shouldn't be doing it."

Ah, yes, fun. The primary importance of fun—of sport pursued for sheer exhilaration—is a credo repeated, and often honored, by coaches, kids and parents. At the same time, though, the pushy parent, red-faced and screaming from the sidelines or

him, "I'm very, very disappointed." The boy sighed, staring at his scuffed soles. "Yeah, Mom's gonna chew me out too."

Jay George, a Washington biochemist whose son Jason, 12, plays on Washington's Little Caps team, had to summon a referee to remove some parents from the opposing team who were overheard telling their kids, "If you're going to get a penalty, really hurt someone." Then there was the time a Squirt-level tournament match ended in a tie and one of the opposing moms celebrated by clawing two of George's son's teammates as they filed off the ice.

And if parents don't spoil the fun, sometimes the coaches will. Bob Bradley, 41, of Chicago tried to suggest quietly to his daughter's soccer instructor that his screaming at the players during a game

out knowing whether they're physically or mentally ready. The travel teams, the all-stars, the championships—they're what the parents want. There's nothing wrong with competition. It makes people successful. But children under the age of 10 don't necessarily want competition. What they want is to have fun, to go out and swing on a swing and go down a sliding board."

Swings? Slides? How hopelessly retro. Nowadays, if a kid waits till she's 10 to decide she wants to compete at an advanced level, the travel team will have already left the station. Her peers will be making deft one-touch passes while she's still learning to dribble. That leaves as her only option the easygoing recreation league, where the coaching is desultory and players often go AWOL. While many parents of kids on "rec"

teams equate "keeping it fun" with holding down the level of instruction and competition, the kids often see things differently. Young, of the professional coaches' association, observes, "It's not fun for them when they don't get better."

You can take the testimony of the kids themselves. "It's my life," says Aidan Wolfe, 10, of Portland, Ore., who plays in a recreational league. "I love soccer. If my parents told me I couldn't play anymore, I'd be devastated." During the school year, hockey player Jason George wedges homework into recess and lunch breaks to make the grueling Little Caps schedule, but, he says, "if that's what it takes for me to be good at hockey, I'll do whatever I have to do." His sister Sara, 9, also loves travel hockey because, on the road trips, "I

Commission reports that roughly 4 million children between the ages of 6 and 16 end up in hospital emergency rooms for sports-related injuries each year. Eight million more are treated for some form of medical problem traceable to athletics: for example, shin splints and stress fractures. Some sports physicians point to specialization—a child playing a single sport year round, which many club teams encourage—as one culprit in sports injuries. Kids who alternate different activities at different seasons are less likely to overuse the same set of muscles and joints.

"It's a very rare thing to see someone playing three sports in high school anymore because of the pressure these clubs put on kids to play in the off season," says Gary Thran, director of athletics at Har-

as he recalls the coach who, after watching his daughter play basketball, asked what high school she plans to attend. To be sure, the girl, Casey, is a standout player. But she's eight years old.

If kids' sports is undergoing a kind of privatization, with the most talented kids forgoing high school play altogether in favor of the élite travel clubs, the future of high school athletics could be bleak indeed. Dean Crowley, commissioner of athletics at the California Interscholastic Federation, points to the precarious position that sports programs already hold in many cash-strapped schools. "Pretty soon they might say, 'Why do we need to spend all the money we do on sports? These kids are playing all year round anyway,'" And then? "Then you don't have high school



get to spend a lot of time with my mom."

But other youngsters buckle under the load: whether it's that of a single, demanding club sport or a whole basketful of scheduled activities. Stephanie Mazzamaro, 10, of Ridgefield, Conn., complained that in addition to homework, piano lessons, Girl Scouts and religion classes, she had Monday soccer practices and Saturday games. "Mom, I don't want to do all of this anymore," she sobbed. "I don't have time to be a kid." Her mother Janice, 40, could only agree. "When you live in an area like this, you get caught up in it," Janice says. "If you don't do each step, you feel like you're doing an injustice to your child."

The intensity of today's kids' sports seems to be contributing to an increase in injuries. The Consumer Products Safety

yard-Westlake School in Studio City, Calif. Gregg Heinzmann, associate director of the Youth Sports Research Council at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, N.J., observes that these players often become "specialists who face all the stress of a pro." Why the pressure? According to Thran, college coaches are telling ever younger kids to limit themselves to one sport year round, so they can make the élite traveling clubs.

The Darwinian struggle has gripped girls' sports with a special intensity. Some college recruiters are bypassing high schools and selecting players directly from the club teams. And some high school recruiters are moving even earlier. Charles Morris, 42, of Berkeley, Calif., a technician for Bay Area Rapid Transit, shakes his head

athletics." And then too, the best coaching and the most challenging opportunities would be limited to the kids whose parents can afford private club sports. Which is not what anyone had in mind.

We Americans are a competitive bunch. It was probably inevitable that the striving impulse would sooner or later reshape kids' sports. But the trend has been abetted by other, less predictable changes in American life: the ascendancy of the automobile, the shrinking of open spaces, the ubiquity of the two-earner family and the pervasive fear of crime. Baby-boomer parents may look back wistfully at their own childhood, when playing sports was a matter of heading to the corner sandlot or the neighborhood park after school for a pick-up game. But

SWIMMING

Scott Goodell, 8, son of an Olympic medalist, practices at the Mission Viejo Nadadores swimming club in Mission Viejo, Calif.

WHAT IT COSTS

Equipment: \$45 to \$100 for suits, goggles and latex caps

Clubs: \$25 to \$450 a year

Travel: \$40 to \$150 a month, depending on level of competition and distance traveled

Clinics: About \$600 a week: training, room, meals

HOW MUCH TIME

Schedule: 6 to 14 hours of weekly practice, plus strength training

JAN BONNIN/SHUTTERSTOCK FOR TIME

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the sandlot's been filled in by a four-bedroom Cape Cod with a two-story atrium. To pay for the Cape Cod, Mom and Dad are both working, and with Mom and Dad both working, the kids are signed up for extended-day sessions at school. And by the time extended-day is over, it's dusk. And even if Mom and Dad were home, they'd never let the kids wander alone to the neighborhood park. You never know who they'll find at the neighborhood park.

So what's a parent to do? We do what Americans have always done. This is, after all, a country that systematizes: we create seminars on how to make friends, teach classes in grieving and make pet walking a profession. In that light, Gregg Heinzmann's praise of unstructured play seems almost un-American. Any activity, no matter how innocent or trivial or spontaneous, can become specialized in America. So if our children are to have sports, we will make leagues and teams, write schedules and rule books, publish box scores and rankings, hire coaches and refs, buy uniforms and equipment to the limit of our means. We will kiss our weekends goodbye—and maybe more than our weekends.

To most parents involved in kids' sports, all the criticisms sound like the dreariest party-pooper. There are joys that can't be organized, pleasures that resist the rigors of systematization. And these remain unextinguished, even in the overwrought world of kids' sports today. In Morristown, N.J., at the Beard School gym, Kelly Donnelly is whiling away the last moments before a soccer clinic. Dad Pat has driven her there, of course. He watches as Kelly spends a minute or so keeping a soccer ball suspended by bouncing it lightly off her knees, in a kind of airborne dribble—a bit of magic that only the rarest adult could pull off.

"It's quite a commitment from the parents as well as the kids," Pat Donnelly is saying. Suddenly Kelly lets the ball fall to the polished wooden floor and with a deft kick sends it the length of the gym till it narrowly misses a basketball hoop at the far end. The kid's good. Donnelly beams and says, "I think I enjoy it almost as much as she does."

—Reported by William

Dowell/New York, Tamara Drummond/Orlando, Julie Grace/Chicago, Maureen Harrington/Denver, Sylvester Monroe/Oakland and Elaine Shannon/Washington

SPORT

Poor Kids Need a Sporting Chance

WHILE SUBURBAN AND SMALL-TOWN parents often worry about their kids being overscheduled with sports and not having enough free time, many inner-city families say they would love to have such problems. When kids pour out of school each day in scores of lower-income urban communities, all that awaits them is the street—no soccer, baseball or ice skating. They just hang out, while their parents pray that dead-end afternoons won't lead to sex or drugs or violence. "Most teenage pregnancies happen between 2 and 5 in the afternoon," says Les Franklin, founder of the Shaka Franklin Foundation for Youth, a nonprofit group based in Denver that provides counseling and other services for urban youngsters. "In our neighborhoods, the concept of 'soccer mom' doesn't exist."

Millions of less fortunate families bemoan the scarcity of such basic resources as recreation centers with a staff or basketball hoops with nets on them. In many of their neighborhoods, public money for after-school activities has declined, even in a time of plenty. Instead governments are directing resources toward law enforcement, education and other

means of curbing such social ills as teen pregnancy, drug abuse and gang violence.

The result is that many traditional extracurricular activities, from basketball leagues to math clubs and choirs, have all but disappeared from inner-city schools. "If you're a child growing up in a poor community, your chances of being involved in an after-school activity are almost none," says Geoffrey Canada, president of the Rheedem Center for Children and Families in New York City.

Consider the contrast between two suburbs of St. Louis. In upscale Clayton, Mo., the after-school menu is crowded with leagues and summer-camp activities ranging from baseball and martial arts to tennis and volleyball. But travel 15 minutes northwest to Clayton's working-class neighbor, the town of Jennings. There the recreation department is understaffed, lacks a gymnasium and relies largely on local public schools and other facilities, creating transportation problems that keep many kids sidelined. "There are some definite barriers," says Cindy Tharp, director of recreation in Jennings. "But if parents want to get their child involved, they'll find a way to do it."

Happily, some of them are getting help. Three years ago, when the U.S. National Park Service was ready to tear down an aging ice-hockey rink in a lower-income section of southeastern Washington, D.C., some parents from more affluent communities banded together and raised enough private and corporate dollars to save it. Today Fort Dupont Ice Arena provides free skating instruction to some 2,500 local kids, with its \$500,000 annual budget funded through admission fees, fund raisers and sale of ice time for practicing hockey teams from private schools and local colleges. Says rink general manager Fred Wilson: "The greatest reward we get is seeing the expression on the faces of these kids when they step out on the ice for the first time." It's a step that no child or parent should take for granted. —By Ron Stodghill II/Chicago

TIGER WOODS TEACHES schoolkids to swing at a public golf course in Detroit



RON STODGHILL/CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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The Doctor's Daughter

An 18-year-old tennis phenom turns out to have a most spectacular athletic bloodline

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

SHORT AT ITS BEST IS A MICROCOOSM OF our species' nobility. But if we reveal in watching the grace, skill and determination of men and women, we also can't help noticing when this prism of our society also refracts us in all our prurience.

For a few days last week, Alexandra Stevenson, an 18-year-old from San Diego, reminded us of the great things in sport. Before she was defeated by Lindsay Davenport in the semifinals at Wimbledon, she had become the first woman ever to advance to that point from the qualifying rounds. The "quals," as they are known, are Grand Slam tennis' low-rent district, in which players uninvited to the world's most prestigious tournament slog through sparsely attended matches in the hope of winning their way onto Centre Court. The talent and moxie it takes to advance through the quals and into the semifinals were enough to make Stevenson a sensation. Then the question of her paternity arose and overshadowed even her powerful tennis game. And she became a symbol for a virtual grab bag of contemporary social issues, ranging from overbearing mothers to absentee fathers, from racial tolerance to sexual intolerance.

Rumors that Stevenson's birth father was a famous athlete had swirled for years in California, where she played junior tennis and attended La Jolla Country Day School. Dark-complexioned Alexandra, 6 ft. 1 in and powerfully built, had shrugged off the talk, commenting only that her Caucasian mother had played both parental roles. That pat answer might once have been enough, but her run at Wimbledon renewed the speculation. Last week a Florida newspaper published a birth certificate listing her father as Julius Winfield Erving II. That's basketball legend Dr. J, the dignified, eloquent superstar whose spectacu-

lar play, and class off the court, helped lift the NBA back to pre-eminence in the late '70s and early '80s. Married since 1972, Erving had always been portrayed as a dedicated family man. After first denying the reports, on Friday he admitted to the Associated Press that he was Alexandra's father. She is the result of an affair Erving had with Samantha Stevenson in 1980, when he was playing for the Philadelphia 76ers and she was a sportswriter covering the team. "All manner concerning Alexandra since her birth have been handled privately through counsel," Erving declared. He said he hadn't seen his daughter since she was three, and that it was "her call" to begin a relationship with him.

As soon as most of us became aware of her, Alexandra was answering a flood of questions with "No comment." In addition to those about her father, there is the matter of her mother, a prominent sportswriter who had worked for the New York Times, Playboy and other publications and was a reminder that tennis moms can be a bit overzealous. She has been a dedicated single mother, driving her daughter in an old Volvo station wagon to junior tennis tournaments throughout the U.S. and paying for expensive lessons. She has also publicly acknowledged, since Alexandra was four, that she intended her daughter to play at Wimbledon. "When Alexandra was born, I realized that she was going to be my future," Samantha told reporters. "The bottom line is: I'm her mother, I want her to be happy."

Yet it was Samantha who first launched Alexandra onto the sports pages for reasons other than her powerful serve-and-volley game, claiming earlier at Wimbledon that her daughter had been the victim of racial slurs at a tournament, and then undoing whatever sympathy she won with that charge by accusing the women's tour of rampant lesbianism: "You want your daughter to grow up like a woman. But the biggest threats to girls of her age are the other girls on the tour."

The result is Alexandra has been forced to publicly confront issues the rest of us deal with very privately.

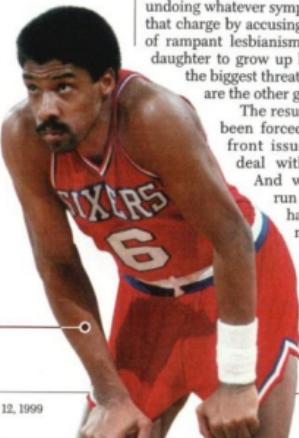
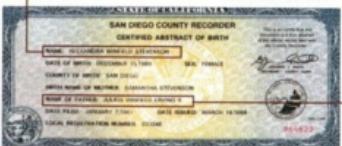
And with her amazing run over, she may now have time to resolve matters other than sport. Then the rest of us can get back to watching this precocious young athlete doing what she does best—play tennis. ■

Gotta Be The Genes

Julius Erving,
former NBA all-star,
finally
admitted to being
Stevenson's father;
her birth certificate,
lower left



WIMBLEDON FIRST
Alexandra Stevenson became the only woman to play her way from the quals to the semis





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C I N E M A

There's Something About SCARY

By RICHARD CORLISS

COVIDIANS ARE THE SCHOOLYARD bullies of this summer's box office. Mike Myers, Adam Sandler, the *South Park* gang and those cutup cowboys Will Smith and Kevin Kline have upended propriety and frolicked like unruly kids until the collective funny bone is virtually numb. After this week's senior-prom sex farce *American Pie*, even connoisseurs of adolescent comedy may whisper a desperate prayer: "From Austins and Adams and Wild Wild Westies, and teens that go hump in the night, Good Lord deliver us."

This prayer is now answered. Summer films are ready to creep over to the dark side, where anxiety about what's behind the door or outside the camp tent can drive people nuts. This isn't last summer's type of teen-scream movie. The new films, a dozen due for release this year, are essays in mature terror, for and about grownups, with big or serious stars and a few A-list directors. For the moment, slasher films are deader than a naked cheerleader. Horror is going both artsy, in the Method madness of *The Blair Witch Project*, and adult, in the domestic suspense of *Stir of Echoes*. Renouncing sicko-kid melodramas for a mix of ghost stories and satanic parables, Hollywood is pursuing subtler demons, deeper themes: matters of life and death, life after death and life just before death.

Bruce Willis stars in *The Sixth Sense* as a psychologist caring for a boy plagued by ghosts. Winona Ryder confronts the face of evil in *Lost Souls*. In *End of Days*, Arnold Schwarzenegger must stop Satan (Gabriel Byrne) from taking a human bride. Johnny Depp stars in three upscale creepies: as a space traveler in *The Astronaut's Wife*, as a bookseller searching for an accursed text in Roman Polanski's *The Ninth Gate* and as Ichabod Crane in Tim Burton's *Sleepy Hol-*

low. Late this month Samuel L. Jackson will chase, or run like hell from, a pack of very smart sharks in *Deep Blue Sea*.

Some of the projects (*The House on Haunted Hill*, with Oscar-winner Geoffrey Rush, and Jan de Bont's *The Haunting*) are remakes. Others recall *The Exorcist*, *Jaws*, *Rosemary's Baby*. But that conservatism simply underlines the urge of top filmmakers to rediscover an honorable American tradition: the tale of psychological terror. Invented by Poe, mastered by Melville, Ambrose Bierce, Henry James, H.P. Lovecraft—and branded forever on film by

This summer's horror films aren't kid stuff. Ghosts, demons and sea creatures are stalking adults—on the screen and in the audience

collar guy haunted by intimations of a distressed, deceased soul somewhere in his house. Says Koepf: "I tried creating a sense of total reality, because the movies that always scared the hell out of me were set in real, almost mundane domestic situations." In these restless residences and bucolic settings, fear can emerge like a stench from the cellar, a howling in the dark woods.

Every teen slasher film imitates *Psycho*. The new New Wave is inspired by quieter Hitchcock films—*Rear Window*, *Vertigo*—that slowly reveal their themes of obsession and possession. Renny Harlin, who direct-



The Blair Witch Project

OPENS: July 16

STARRING: Heather Donahue, Michael Williams, Joshua Leonard

Premise: *Lord of the Flies*, for real—a film team tracking a witch gets lost in the woods

Lake Placid

OPENS: July 16

STARRING: Bill Pullman, Bridget Fonda, Oliver Platt, Brendan Gleeson

Premise: A 30-ft. cow-devouring croc makes four people in Maine scared, brave and rude

Hitchcock—the horror genre is too important to be left to the kids. It speaks to every doubt and guilt we silently carry; it lends a seductive form to fear and leaves us with a dread not easily shaken off.

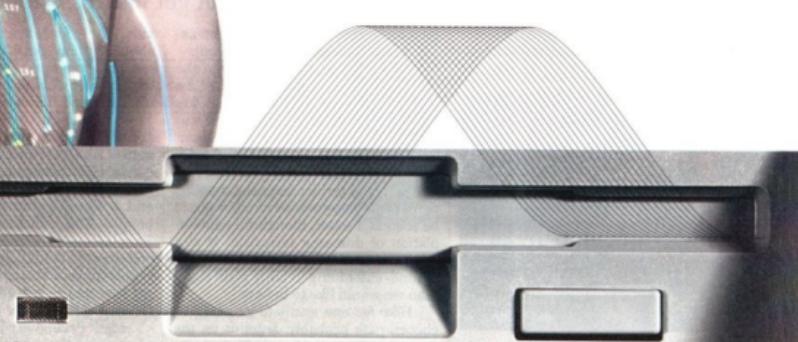
"The old New Breed of horror films was postmodern and self-mocking," says David Koepf, director and screenwriter of the ghostly *Stir of Echoes*. "The new New Breed movies aim a bit higher in the hierarchy of horror." Koepf's film, to open in September, stars Kevin Bacon as a blue-

ed *Die Hard 2*, applied Hitchcock's lessons to *Deep Blue Sea*: "I wanted to keep building the tension, with no release, tightening the noose all the time."

You can tighten the noose yet not show the jugular explode. In *The Astronaut's Wife* and *Lost Souls*, "you won't see people cut up in 16 pieces," says Robert Shaye, CEO of New Line Cinema, the films' distributor. "Any violence is effective but discreet." That's because we fear the imminent unknown. "The monster is always scarier



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Westward, No

Not even Will Smith can rescue this misadventure

WILD, WILD WEST POSES THIS NOT very pressing question: Can a comedy—we use that term in the broadest possible sense—costing something north of \$100 million hope to succeed solely on the basis of special effects, cross-dressing and a vertically challenged villain? The depressing answer, given the apparently endless supply of adolescents with nothing better to do in the summer, is probably yes.

But for adults with fond recall of the retro James Bond TV show on which the movie is based, and with more recent memories of the sharp yet genial bite of director Barry Sonnenfeld's *Men in Black* and *Get Shorty*, the film is an unmitigated disaster. That's especially so considering that hotheaded Jim West is played by the coolly calculating Will Smith, his epicurean colleague Artemus Gordon by the subtly self-regarding Kevin Kline and



TERRORIZED:
Bridges can run,
but he can't hide

A Dead-End Street

Kids with bombs, neighbors with secrets and a paranoid professor all get lost in *Arlington Road*

THE THINLY FICTIONALIZED REFERENCES to recent bloody events—Ruby Ridge, the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City, even kids playing with explosives—are transparent. (Release of the movie was delayed to separate it from the Columbine tragedy.) But *Arlington Road* is not a cheesy exploitation film. Nor is it a routine paranoid thriller featuring drooling perps of the easy-to-denry sort. It wants to be seen as a sober, thoughtful contemplation of domestic terrorism. It also wants us to think there is more of it around, and hiding in fairly plain sight, than we would like to believe.

How far one wants to go along its chosen path probably depends on the state of one's mental health. That of professor Michael Faraday (Jeff Bridges) is pretty shaky when we encounter him. He has recently lost his wife, an FBI agent, in a shoot-out that should never have happened. He's also not exactly a model of scholarly passion as he teaches a course in the politics of terror, while more than half convinced that there are more and larger conspiracies at work in our world than anyone is admitting. The movie is, indeed, rather good on the erratic way officialdom sometimes overestimates, sometimes underestimates the threat of organized terror in modern life and how that poses a threat to civil comity.

What Ehren Kruger's script doesn't do so well is suspensively build Faraday's suspicions about his new neighbors, Oliver and Cheryl Lang (Tim Robbins and Joan Cusack), and their creepy

kids. There's always something eerie about Robbins' geniality—in his screen persona he's never been a guy whom a sensible person would buy a used car—and almost from the outset you agree with Faraday that he and his kin are surely up to something distinctly antisocial. One-two-three, Faraday acquires the evidence suggesting that Oliver has taken over another man's identity and is almost certainly a quietly mad bomber. The cautionary notes struck by Faraday's new girlfriend (Hope Davis) and old FBI friend (Robert Gossett) seem purely conventional and very likely a signal that they're not going to survive to the end of the movie.

Mark Pellington's jittery direction is not much help in establishing the false calm out of which true suspense might be built. He's one of those music-video refugees for whom you want to take up a collection so he can add a tripod and an editing machine with a functioning Pause button to his filmmaking arsenal.

But despite its mannerisms and one of those where-are-the-cops-when-you-needed-them car chases through downtown Washington, *Arlington Road* comes to a conclusion as lugubrious as it is surprising. It really doesn't earn its messy, crudely ironic ending, however. The ability of terrorism to rend cruelly the vulnerable skin of our civility is its most commonly remarked-upon quality. But that does not mean it is as pervasive, intricately organized and irresistible as this breathlessly striving movie makes it out to be.

—R.S.



WILD MEN:
Foolish Kline
and Smith

Dr. Arliss Loveless by Kenneth Branagh, who seems more amused by Loveless' absolute evil than any audience will be.

You can't really blame the actors for the failure of a raft of screenwriters to provide them with even vaguely funny lines. They were doubtless too busy helping invent the film's visual effects, which most prominently include the gigantic mechanical tarantula with which Loveless hopes to induce a post-Civil War U.S. to surrender its sovereignty to him. But like men in frocks or the doctor's steam-driven wheelchair, it is just a sight gag—a one-shot deal out of which you cannot build intricately sustained comedy. The movie is loaded with this junk, but it has no authentic momentum or satirical viewpoint—and is finally lost to its own desperate, unavailing search for a laugh.

—By Richard Schickel

The Boss Is Back

And for the first time in 10 years, the old E Street Band is touring with him



STILL ROCKIN': They're older, wiser and better

By ERIC ALTERMAN BERLIN

ROCK 'N' ROLL, IN ITS FIRST HALF-century, has produced any number of middle-aged superstars—even a smattering of grandfathers—but precious few genuine adults. Mick Jagger still can't get no satisfaction, even when charging over \$300 a ticket. Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page and Robert Plant are still endlessly riding their stairway to heaven. And while Pete Townshend may no longer hope to die before he gets old, no Who reunion feels complete without a rendition of *My Generation*.

Almost uniquely among genuine rockers, Bruce Springsteen has created a body of work that has matured with its audience. Characters once "born to run" now search for a place to call home and a community with which to share it. In Springsteen's concerts, joyful abandon is now tempered with rueful regret. And like the songs' subjects, fans who once dreamed of escaping their parents, phsy-ed teachers and "towns full of losers" worry about the kind of world they will be leaving their children.

The frenzied reaction to his first tour with the E Street Band in more than a decade proves that the powerful bond Springsteen has forged with his fans during the past quarter-century has only intensified. He has no record in the Top 30, and his biggest hit, *Born in the U.S.A.*, is approaching its 15th birthday. Yet when tickets went on sale for the 15 shows that begin next week at New Jersey's Continental Arena, fans snapped up the 300,000 seats in just 13 hours.

Before hitting the U.S., Springsteen kicked off the reunion with a triumphant sweep through 20 cities in Europe that began in April. All eight members of the band—including his wife, guitarist and backup singer Patti Scialfa—are back, older, wiser and, in virtually every case, better. Max Weinberg's chops have improved considerably during his stint as band leader for *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*. Clarence Clemons' sax work displays nuances and noodlings that were absent from his bombastic style in the '70s and '80s. And the return of Bruce's original sidekick from his Asbury Park bar-band days, guitarist Steve Van Zandt—now a co-star on the acclaimed HBO series *The Sopranos*—adds a powerful but intangible measure of heart and soul.

Reforming the old posse seems to have lit a spark under its leader as well. Onstage recently, before three generations of Bruce fans at the Wuhlheide, a luminous outdoor amphitheater in the middle of a forest in eastern Berlin, Springsteen performed two shows that put a lie to the notion that 49-going-on-50 is too old to rock 'n' roll. The setting was soaked with history. Back in 1988, barely 18 months before the Wall came down, Springsteen and the band played one of the largest and most dramatic rock concerts ever. When Springsteen introduced Bob Dylan's *Chimes of Freedom* in what was then the communist German Democratic Republic, he told the audience, "I want to tell you, I'm not here for or against any government. I came to play rock 'n' roll for you East Berliners in the hope that one day all the barriers will

be torn down." Though the concert was broadcast on both state television and radio, this statement was censored.

Now back in a unified Berlin, the Boss marched across the stage like a peacemaking Patton surveying the troops after the liberation of Europe. Judging by their ability to sing along (in English) with every song, the Germans appeared only slightly less familiar with the geography of the Jersey shore than the average Asbury Park gas-station attendant. On the second night, when the band finished up *Badlands*, the audience kept the song going, Springsteen gave the signal, and the musicians crashed back into the song, with band members smiling and laughing as they played.

The tour's 2-hr.-40-min. intermission-free set focuses on the early and middle portions of his career, 1975-85. But this is no oldies review. Each European concert featured a few choice tidbits from *Tracks*, the four-CD retrospective of previously unreleased material that Springsteen finally decided to give his fans in honor of his induction into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame earlier this year. The band sent the Berlin crowd home with a new gospel-tinged song called *Land of Hopes and Dreams*: "Well I will provide for you and I will stand by your side/ You'll need a good companion darlin' for this part of the ride." Just before leaving for Europe, the band premiered the song in Asbury Park. "Tell all your friends that this summer there's going to be a big train coming down the track," Springsteen promised. For millions of U.S. fans, it's time again to get on board. ■

TELEVISION

Love, Money, Witches and Beach Grass

In *Passions*, NBC hopes to have that rarity, a successful new soap

By GINIA BELLAFANTE

WITH HOPE AND A DASH OF CONTRARIAN good sense, this writer recently revisited the world of daytime soap opera, reasoning that like so much else in our postmodern culture—Las Vegas, fondue, Rob Lowe—afternoon dramas might have transitioned into hip. Little research was needed to prove this theory false. Sets still seem to draw their inspiration from the simulated Americana of a Holiday Inn lobby in Colonial Williamsburg. And on almost any given day, the chance of making it through the afternoon without hearing someone say, "I don't need any DNA test to prove that you're my son" or, maybe, "You slept with your daughter's husband, Olivia, so don't give me that I'm-so-devoted-to-my-children routine," remains as alarmingly low as the chance of making it through a whole episode of *Friends* without ever seeing Jennifer Aniston's navet.

That soaps have failed to evolve their formula for melodrama is surely one of the factors responsible for their dimin-

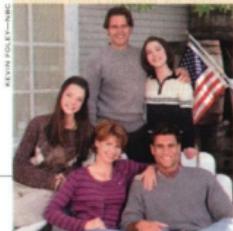
ished ratings. During the past five years, the number of women ages 18 to 49 who watch daytime dramas has declined 36%. Comparatively, the number in that group who watch prime-time network television has dropped 27%. Certainly women are more time-pressed than they were even a few years ago, and they are spending more of their spare time with cable TV and talk shows. But it could also be that their soap opera needs are being met elsewhere: not just on C-SPAN and *Jerry Springer* but on most nighttime dramas (and many sitcoms too), which now feature ongoing, relationship-focused story lines with will-they-or-won't-they cliff-hangers but, happily, very few incidents of amnesia.

There are currently 10 soaps on daytime TV, but a successful one has not been launched since CBS's debut of *The Bold and the Beautiful* in 1987. It might be considered an act of courage, then, that NBC, home of *Sunset Beach*, the lowest-rated soap on television, this week unleashes a

lavish daytime drama, *Passions*. But soaps continue to be made and broadcast because, when all is said and done, they continue to generate a good deal of money—\$50 million to \$60 million a year for a successful one. NBC's new hour-long series, centered on four families and set in the fictitious New England seaside town of Harmony, runs right after the popular *Days of Our Lives* in most areas, replacing *Another World*, which went off the air last month after 35 years.

The network's main hope for *Passions* lies in the show's creator, James Reilly, a 50-year-old medical school dropout bestowed with the kind of outré imagination for which the world provides few profes-

... AND THE CLANS



The Bennetts

SOCIAL STANDING Well-liked community boosters

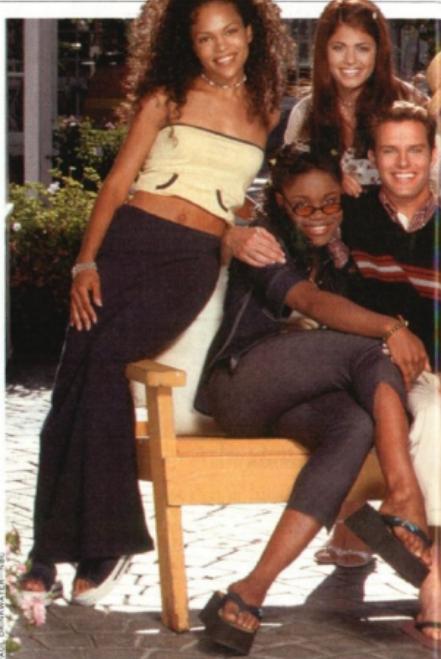
FAMILY STORY Dad is Harmony's hunky police chief, and Mom, well, she's being mentally tortured by a witch



The Cranes

SOCIAL STANDING The town's very own mansion-owning Kennedys

FAMILY STORY Patriarch Alistair presides; they are rich, arrogant and unhappy





THE CREATOR ...

Reilly has updated the old formula by crossing the romantic class struggles of *Peyton Place* with the paranormal zaniness of *The X-Files*

... THE KIDS ...

The network hopes to woo young viewers with a multiethnic cast of "American beauties" and guys who "look like matinee idols"

sional outlets. A veteran daytime-drama writer, Reilly was brought to NBC to revive an ailing *Days of Our Lives* in 1992. During his five-year tenure as head writer, the show became the most-watched daytime soap on television among the genre's target audience of young and middle-aged women. It also became one of NBC's five most profitable shows in any time slot.

What Reilly brought to *Our Lives* was story lines with paranormal elements, which makes sense, given that he claims to have once helped deliver a two-headed baby. Reilly had the show's heroine, Dr. Marlena Evans, undergo demonic possession followed by an exorcism, all to impassioned audience response. In

1996 the network gave him free rein to begin creating something of his own.

The result will also incorporate the bizarre. In fact, one of the characters will not really be a human being at all, but a doll who comes to life as a sounding board for the local witch, Tabitha Lenox (Juliet Mills). She will occasionally ride around town with "Timmy" (Ally McBeal's Josh Evans) on the handlebars of his bicycle. "I needed someone for this crazy person to talk to," Reilly explains, "and all of a sudden I got this idea. I said, 'No, no. You're being silly. Time to go and have dinner.' But I kept on coming back to it. And I'd start telling the other writers I was working with, and we'd all break into laughing

ter." Reilly will have another character, Grace Bennett (Dana Sparks), levitate through her French doors.

Were it not for these instances in which a call to Agent Mulder might seem in order, *Passions* would appear indistinguishable from almost any other soap opera. Marxism may not find much expression in contemporary American pop culture, but it certainly still thrives on daytime serials, where conflict often revolves around a town's monied Protestant dynasty and its less privileged newcomers. Here, we have the Cranes vs. the Lopez-Fitzgeralds. In typically unseemly soap opera fashion, it is Theresa Lopez-Fitzgerald (Lindsay Korman), Hispanic and the daughter of a maid, who is the gold digger who goes after Harmony's wealthiest young scion. The African-American family in this essentially racially balanced cast ("I want to entertain everyone," says Reilly. "I want people to look at the show and identify with it") receives somewhat more enlightened treatment. They are a happy and prosperous lot; we know this because in the first episode they play tennis.

None of this is to say that *Passions* is devoid of promise. Indeed, there are flashes of a certain kind of genius in the first episode alone, which has a self-exiled Sheridan Crane (McKenzie Westmore) in France visiting Sacré Coeur every day to mourn the loss of her best friend. That best friend was Princess Diana, who we now learn was on her way to visit Sheridan when she met her ill fate in that Parisian tunnel. The show doesn't make clear why this information never surfaced on *Hard Copy*.

Reilly grew up visiting an Irish grandfather who kept him riveted with suspenseful tales. But Reilly's gift, colleagues say, has as much to do with his skill as a technician as it does with his being a good raconteur. "Jimmy has perfected the art of not being predictable," says Lisa Hesser, the show's executive producer. "Most soap opera viewers know they have to watch on Fridays and Mondays, but Jim can have a blockbuster event on a Tuesday." If that event should involve a reincarnated Dodi, well then, all the better. —With reporting by Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles and William Tynan/New York



The Lopez-Fitzgeralds

SOCIAL STANDING Poor but proud, they serve the Cranes
FAMILY STORY Matriarch Pilar's life has been all-suffering; son Luis hates rich people; daughter Theresa longs to be one of them



The Russells

SOCIAL STANDING Solidly middle-class professionals
FAMILY STORY They can trace their roots to the Underground Railroad; they're happy; surely it won't last

Where Charlotte Wove

On a visit to E.B. White's farm, we find the animals gone but the place still enchanted

By ANDREW FERGUSON

ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO, OUT OF SCHOOL and footloose and broke, I decided I would pay a visit to my favorite writer, the essayist E.B. White, then residing, as he had for 50 years, on a saltwater farm along the coast of Maine. I was sure White would welcome the visit—after all, I reasoned, what ailing octogenarian writer doesn't long for the company of an unemployed 20-year-old houseguest with no visible means of support and no reason to leave?—but just as a courtesy, I decided to send him notice of my arrival. Already I had in hand a friendly letter from White, written a year or two before in answer to a fan letter I'd sent him. So I mailed him a note letting him know that I would soon be taking our friendship, as we say in the '90s, to another level.

I didn't know the mails could work so quickly, but four days later there was a reply in my mailbox. "Dear Mr. Ferguson," it read. "Thank you for your note about the possibility of a visit. Figure it out. There's only one of me and ten thousand of you. Please don't come."

Sincerely, E.B. White." I dropped my plans for a trip to Maine.

White's 100th birthday comes this July 11, and to mark the occasion I recently made my long-postponed visit. White wasn't around to enjoy it, of course, having died

in October 1985. But the farmhouse is still there, resting on a rise above Blue Hill Bay, and the barn is still attached to it, Maine fashion, and down at the water's edge is the little boathouse where White wrote his children's stories *Charlotte's Web* and *Stuart Little*, along with the many essays that have entered the canon of American literature: "Once More to the Lake," "Death of a Pig," "The Geese," and half a dozen others.

The New York Times once called the farm "historic literary territory." White would have trembled at the tag. In his will, he stipulated that the property remain in private hands, to forestall any effort to transform it into a shrine—a prospect he found horrifying. The farm was sold to a couple from South Carolina, Robert and Mary Gallant, who have made their changes with delicacy and taste. White's chicken coop is now an artist's studio, and the woodshed is an open-air sitting room. The animals are gone from the barn where Charlotte wove her web and Wilbur the pig luxuriated in his manure pile, and sometimes the Gallants lay down Persian rugs and hold a cocktail party there, or set out chairs and tables for a meeting of the local garden club, or even, once in a while, arrange bales of hay in a semicircle for a reading of *Charlotte's Web* to local schoolchildren. And when the kids come across the famous passage about the barn swing ("Mr. Zuckerman

had the best swing in the county. It was a single long piece of heavy rope tied to the beam over the north doorway"), they can look over to see the swing White made for his grandchildren decades ago, tied to the beam



MAINE MAN The author, probably at the *New Yorker* in 1959; below, the boathouse where he wrote his classic

over the north doorway. If it is not historic literary territory, the farm is still, for a reader who has imbibed White's work deeply and often, enchanted nonetheless.

White was born in suburban New York, but he was a Mainer by inclination. Although clarity was the chief virtue of his writing, he was always intentionally fuzzy on the subject of where he lived. After publication of *Charlotte's Web* in particular, he was bedeviled by tourists and busloads of schoolchildren arriving unannounced for a tour of the famous barn. In the *New Yorker* he published a series of essays under the dateline "Allen Cove," a designation that appears only on nautical maps. "That way," he said, "no one will be able to find [the farm] except by sailboat and using a chart."

His neighbors respected his reticence and shared it. They're Mainers, after all. "We're private people," one of them told me, "and we protect the privacy of others. And we're always rather surprised when someone else doesn't." That protectiveness holds even today, 14 years after White's death. In the local library one morning, I struck up a conversation with a man who used to run the general store.

"Mr. White always left town on his birthday," he said, "because that's when the reporters would show up, bothering him. He'd tell us at the store where he was going, but nobody else."

No kidding, I said. Where would he go to hide?

"Oh, I can't tell you that," the man said.

I pressed him a little. After all, I said, Mr. White is—well, dead.

"Sir," the man said, offended, "I told Mr. White I wouldn't tell anybody. And I'm not going to."

And he didn't.

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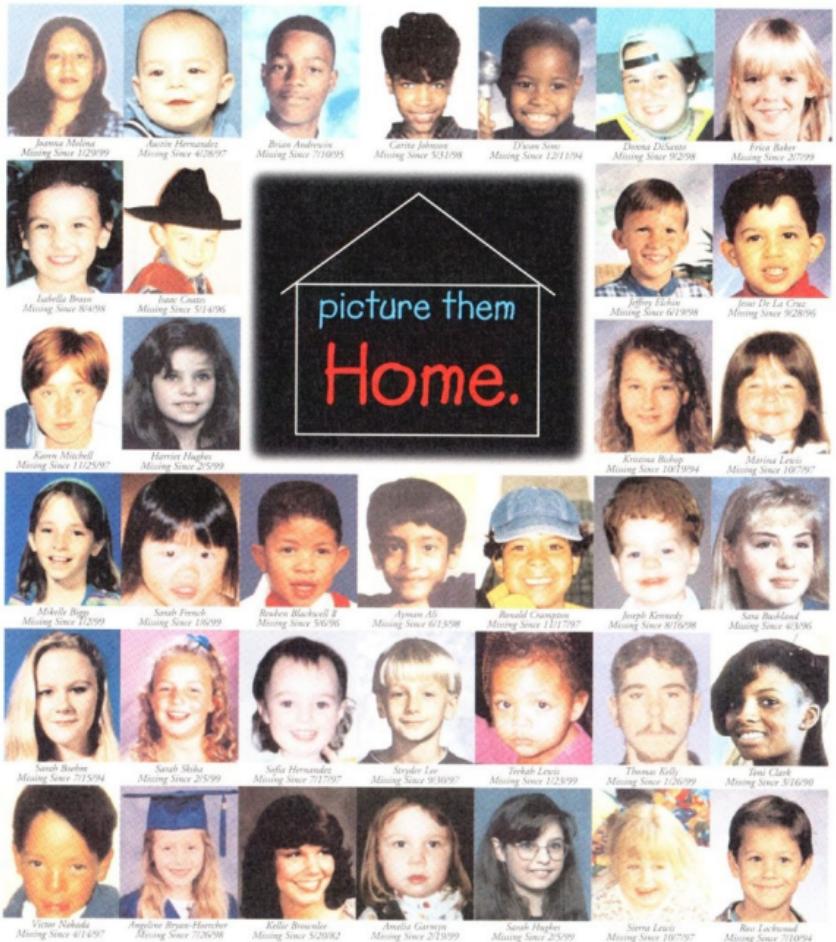


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ART

THINK PINK The artist gives a hands-on demonstration of her provocative work

lows from that statement. Inside the pavilion, the high white walls are covered with Braille that translates tales of American violence from Charles Reznikoff's poetry book *Testimony: the United States, 1855-1915: recitation*. Down the walls, bright fuchsia powder, with its overtones of toxic waste, falls from tanks hidden in the ceilings. The artist's recorded voice whispers Lincoln's second Inaugural Address, with its moving call for healing during the savagery of the Civil War, but it too is interpreted, spelled out in the phonetic alphabet used by pilots (Alfa for a, Bravo for b), making it nearly impossible to fathom.

Outside the pavilion, Hamilton has erected a 90-ft. wall of glass and steel that blocks the prospect of the building from afar. Up close, looking through the glass, the building seems to wobble and melt, blurred and distorted.

That is fitting, considering the title Hamilton chose for her show, "myein," which she translates roughly from the Greek as an abnormal contraction of the pupil. Each of the exhibition's elements presses the point that we turn away blindly, deafly from the violence in our American house; we refuse to comprehend it. Yet her recondite Braille and phonetic whispers work too well perhaps: she leaves viewers with little to grasp easily. When a visual work rests so heavily on literary means, its impact is inevitably blunted.

In the hurly-burly of the Biennale, Hamilton's meditative rooms are like church pews amid the roar of Grand Central Terminal. The opening crowds

jostled inside the pavilion, drowning the whispering voice, wrecking the peaceful atmosphere. How could divinity alight at rush hour?

For the prize judges, it did not. Hamilton didn't win a Golden Lion, the Biennale's version of an Oscar. Another young American, in another part of the exposition, did. Doug Aitken's *Electric Earth*, a slick, multiscreen video,

earned him one of the three awards for best international artists. The video, about living "in the absolute present," as Aitken, 31, says, features the throbbing music and quick cuts more in tune with the MTV generation. But at least one visitor appreciated the languorous charms of Hamilton's show. There, in a mound of pink powder, an admirer had scrawled a single word: *bellissimo*. ■

Codes and Whispers

Ann Hamilton's severe meditation on violence in America creates a buzz at the Venice Biennale

By STEVEN HENRY MADOFF

IN THE ARSENAL OF CURIOUS THINGS an artist can do with colored pigment, Ann Hamilton summoned up the equivalent of a cruise missile and fired a shot heard round Venice's Grand Canal. Hamilton, 43, is this year's star-power artist officially representing the U.S. at the 48th Venice Biennale, the oldest of the international art expositions. With 59 countries participating and more than 100 artists on view through Nov. 7, there is, as ever, notable work amid a great deal of minor junk. At the opening, Hamilton's minimalist installation—four rooms that appear empty but for a shower of madly pink dust collecting on their sun-drenched floors—drew crowds and the chatter of outrage, deflation and praise.

The U.S. pavilion is typically a lightning rod, a superpower's force reflected in high production values and heavy funding for an American artist whose work is internationally known. This year's display is no different, with backing of about \$1 million from government and private sources, including a \$100,000 grant from the glitzy fashion house Gucci (and the requisite glamour of Gucci's creative director, Tom Ford, posing on several occasions with Hamilton as his bodyguards stood stonily by). These are the trappings of America's high-end art culture at the end of the century: spectacle is required.

You go to the U.S. pavilion expecting a little extra wattage and buzz.

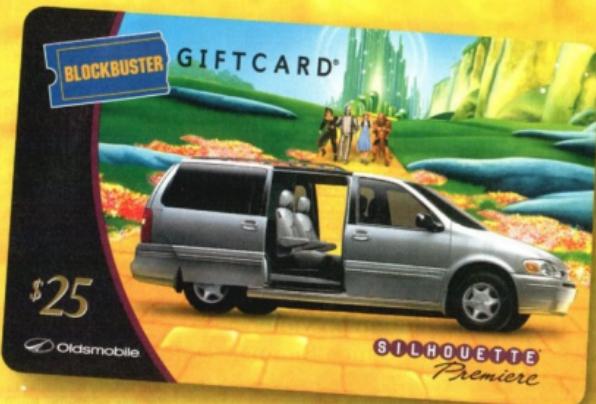
Hamilton, selected from 15 nominees by an advisory committee to the government-sponsored Fund for U.S. Artists at International Festivals and Exhibitions, came as a superb choice. The recipient of many honors, including a 1993 MacArthur "genius" award, she's a maker of large-scale, sometimes frightening tableaux—unless you're at home with vitrines full of flesh-eating beetles crawling over butchered meat or a huge room carpeted in horsehair in which the artist sat mute at a table, burning words from a book.

What is surprising in Venice is Hamilton's shift, her outsized Surrealist style giving way to disarming quiet. Sitting in the hotel room where she stayed with her husband and five-year-old son during the six weeks that she and a crew of nearly 20 created the show, Hamilton explains the new approach. "When I started this project, I wanted to make something big and yet something almost humble and empty, to comment on American domination," she says. "There is so much in our history that we cannot look at, that we refuse to see."

Everything in Hamilton's show fol-

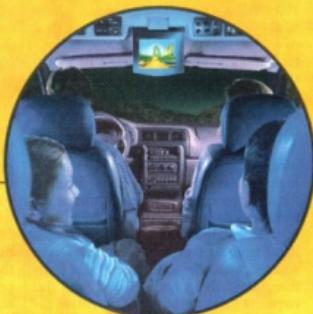
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SHORT TAKES

CINEMA

AMERICAN PIE Directed by Paul Weitz The four horny virgins, the luscious girl who undresses in a boy's bedroom, the seductive mom who likes her whiskey and her men aged 18—virtually every urban legend of teen porn can be found in this all-



raunch, no-style sex comedy. Writer Adam Herz and the hot producer-director team of Chris and Paul Weitz occasionally hint that a teenager's most poignant groping is for his elusive identity. But don't expect this summer movie to have the huffing charm of *Austin Powers* or the tuneful brass of *South Park*. In its mix of caca and sex gags and woosy sentimentality, this is really *Adam Sandler: The Next Generation*. —By Richard Corliss

AUTUMN TALE Directed by Eric Rohmer He will be 80 next year, but France's premier romantic movie poet still has the industry and verve of a clever schoolboy—an honor student in the philosophy of the boudoir. In this delicious comedy a happily married bookseller (Marie Rivière) acts as matchmaker for her vintner friend (Béatrice Romand). Here is a film attentive to the generosity of friendship, the cruelty of courtship. As Rivière says, "I want all men to love me, especially those I don't love." But she, Romand and young ravisher Alexia Portal give viewers plenty to love. Modestly profound, *Autumn Tale* has the savor of a great wine from a small vineyard. —R.C.



SARAH MONTGOMERY

BOOKS

THE FENCING MASTER By Arturo Pérez-Reverte Madrid, the 1860s: a time, like most others, of greed, thuggery and murky politics. The old days, if one

AD LAND



THE BROTHERS GRIM: It is one of the most bizarre advertising campaigns to appear on television in recent years, and yet its segments contain more far-reaching wit than almost any other 1½ minutes of must-see TV. Promoting MTV, the Jukka Brothers slots create a kind of *Hansel and Gretel-meets-Deliverance* world in which coolness-deprived backcountry woodsmen learn about the outside universe only through the bikini-filled music network. When's the movie?

squints and frames the view carefully, were more honorable. Don Jaime, a superb fencer and gifted instructor, is old, honorable and hungry because swordsmanship has deteriorated from noble necessity to mere sport. His client list has dwindled. Then comes a new student, rich, eager, a marvelous fencer but—impossible!—a woman. Splendid nonsense, with foils and bodices unbuttoned, by the author of *The Seville Communion*. —By John Skow

PAUL RAND Phaidon Press He never ran a political campaign or managed the career of a \$20 million-a-picture star, but Rand, whose work is the subject of this elegant coffee-table book, remains one of the country's important imagemakers. A legendary postwar graphic designer, Rand drew on the ideas of Cubism and Constructivism but interpreted them play-



fully in countless print ads and book jackets, and ultimately in the corporate logos for IBM, Westinghouse, ABC and others. The book is a must-have reference for all modernists. —By Gina Bellafante

TELEVISION

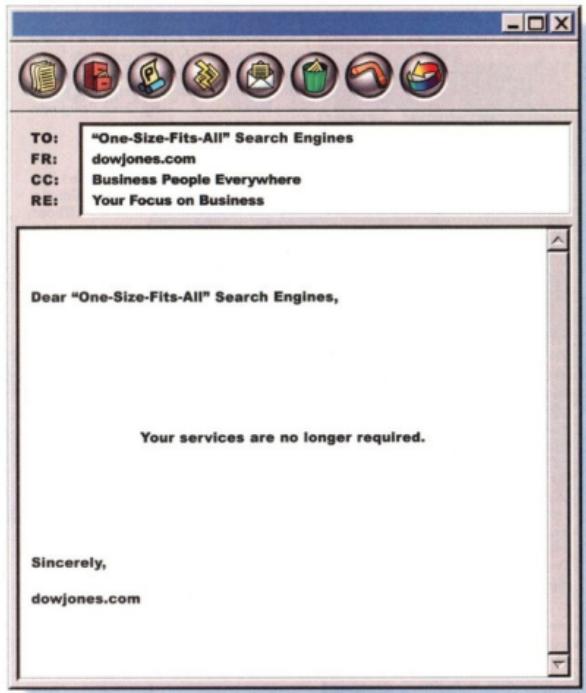
IRON CHEF TV Food Network, Fridays For years Californians have been willing to watch a Japanese cooking show without English-language translation on an obscure local cable channel. The program, a sweaty competition among chefs given an hour to make a meal around a particular ingredient, was so fiercely serious that it provided entertainment aplenty. Now, though, the Food Network has fashioned it into perhaps the most exciting cooking show ever made, simply by adding a mix of dubbing and subtitles. In the show's current incarnation, you can listen to a Bob Costas-like commentator as he is interrupted by Christiane Amanpour-esque reports from the chefs' camps ("We can definitely see something being applied to the beef—and it's not bread crumbs!"). All that and usable tips on Asian cooking too. —By Joel Stein



MUSIC

ELEGIC CYCLE Brad Mehldau This is an album about loss: the passing of heroes, the withering of beauty, the end of an age—one song is titled *Elegy for William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg*. Despite the subject, the mood is never dour. Nearly every track has the liquid warmth of a freshly shed tear. This 28-year-old pianist is a wonder at weaving together musical traditions. On his last album, playing in a trio, he performed a moving jazz rendition of a song by the art-rock group Radiohead; on this CD, playing solo, he smoothly merges jazz improvisation with classical piano. A few of the tracks search for meaning and melody, but on songs like *Resignation*, Mehldau achieves an almost spiritual resonance, chords echoing like amens. —By Christopher John Farley





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James J. Cramer

I'm Getting Fed Up

Trying to guess what Greenspan will do is our new national obsession. And a waste of time

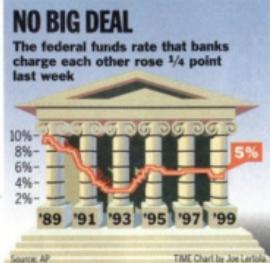
YOU CAN'T GAME THE FED. FOR WEEKS ON END I heard talking head after talking head spouting that the Federal Reserve Board was about to embark on a string of tightenings to cool down the economy. The Fed watchers had it all figured out. Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan had repeatedly leaked that the rollicking days of a strong economy were over. He was going to put the brakes on the longest peacetime advance with a series of rapid-fire interest-rate hikes that would send the stock market into a tizzy.

And wouldn't you know it, Greenspan was doing nothing of the sort. He was actually creating a month-long, super-duper buying opportunity. After all that hand-wringing, accompanied by a rocky sell-off of so many stock favorites, we get a wee little quarter-point hike and a flat statement saying the Fed is no longer biased toward tightening. Greenspan gave you a total green light to get long stocks.

The short-term takeaway is that those who were too bearish because they feared the mighty Fed got faked out again. Sure, the Fed must stomp on the brakes periodically. But remember, the Fed always favors prosperity long term—how could it not? By removing the bias, Greenspan has removed the speed bumps, and if you waited until the all clear was sounded, you missed a true romp in the averages.

Yet there is a longer-term takeaway that is much more important for you to understand. So much of the do-it-yourself financial revolution that has gripped this country is incredibly positive. The combination of cheap commissions and readily available information has empowered individuals to take better care of their finances, in many cases, than a broker or adviser ever could.

Now the problem is overload—too much data, too many reports, too many experts looking for "tendencies" as if they were football coaches and the Federal Reserve an NFL team. For weeks, it seems, the nation was on "Fed watch," as commentator after commentator opined on the



Source: AP

TIME Chart by Joe Lefkow

Fed's desire to cool things down. (For the record, this talking head told you to take a vacation from the market this week so you would not have to think about Greenspan & Co.)

The Fed Chairman used to walk to his meetings virtually unnoticed, just another Washington bureaucrat. Last week there were a dozen cameras and reporters dogging his every step. If you followed these sometimes frightening prognosticators, you might have been turned from an investor to a trader, spooking out of high-quality stocks because you feared a Fed action that in another era wouldn't have meant a hill of beans to you. Some of these know-it-alls had you believing that the stock market had been the Fed's enemy.

Yet in the end the Fed is a place where secrets are kept. In the end nobody knew what it would do. If you sold stocks because you were so wired to the financial world that you feared a Fed action that did not occur, you cost yourself a bundle. The lesson, of course, is that if you have done your homework about your equities and you know what stocks you like and want to own, you can't sweat the Fed's every move.

If you do, you may be worrying too much about your stocks. This week showed that that can be just as financially punishing as not. ■

Cramer manages a hedge fund and writes for thestreet.com. This column should not be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks.

HELPING BUYER BEWARE Home buyers with a government-backed mortgage should no longer be blindsided by costly repairs come Aug. 1. New rules set by the Federal Housing Administration, which will insure 1.3 million new mortgages this year, make appraisers responsible for detecting big defects such as a faulty furnace or a bad roof—and put the sellers on the hook for fixing them. Buyers will still be urged to hire an inspector for a more thorough review of the property.



BONDING WITH UNCLE U.S. savings bonds are Melba toast on anybody's investment plate. And for thousands of holders, they're even less tasty. There are nearly 18 million savings bonds afloat (\$6.6 billion worth) that are no longer earning interest. These patriotic bondholders are giving Uncle Sam a free loan. To check the status of your stack of yellowing paper, try the Savings Bond Wizard, a free computer program available for downloading at www.publicdebt.treas.gov/sav/sav.htm. It lets you track redemption values and determine the best time to cash in.



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percentage (2% to 12%) of the sale ends up in that charity's coffers. A seamless donation—whether you're fully clothed or not. —By Maryann Murray Buechner



Amy Dickinson

The V Chip Arrives

**It can help parents monitor kids' TV viewing.
But there's a low-tech way to do the same thing**

UNTIL LAST WEEK I THOUGHT THE V CHIP WAS A zesty new snack food, and according to a recent survey, I'm not alone. A poll by the Kaiser Family Foundation reveals a lot of confusion among parents about use of the Vchip, which is designed to let us block objectionable shows from our TVs. By law, starting July 1, half of all new TVs sold in the U.S. with screens of 13 in. or larger must have a V chip installed. By Jan. 1, all new sets must contain one. So last week I attended a demonstration to get acquainted with this tool.

The V chip works with the TV rating system, represented by that little wad of letters and numbers that looks like an eye chart and periodically pops into the corner of your screen. Since 1997, shows have been rated in seven categories, ranging from TV-Y, suitable for all children, to TV-MA, which I originally assumed indicated programs suitable for mamas, but which in fact stands for "mature audiences." Rating icons appear on the screen during the first 15 sec. of a program and are also noted in some TV listings.

In addition, a "content label" may appear as an extra letter tacked onto the icon: V (for violence), S (sexual situations), L (crude language) and D (suggestive dialogue). FV stands not for family viewing, as I assumed, but for "fantasy violence." Used with these ratings, the V chip could be helpful to parents who aren't always home when their kids watch TV and don't want them viewing *South Park* or the *Playboy* channel. However, not all networks and cable outlets use the ratings. (NBC, for instance, has declined to use the content label.) And programs are rated by their own producers, which is something akin to letting Ally McBeal (TV-14DVS) sit on the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Programming the V chip is likely to inspire dread in the millions of parents whose VCRs flash "12:00...12:00...12:00." At the demonstration I attended, a representative of the Consumer Electronic



TRY THE DOG'S BIRTHDAY? Kids might crack the code to see taboo TV shows

Manufacturers Association pointed his remote at a TV and entered a series of numbers and commands, prompted by an onscreen menu, successfully blocking *As the World Turns*. Parents, he said, will select a secret access code to change the settings. In an ideal world, the V chip would make Mom and Dad confident that little Suzi's slumber-party guests aren't watching blue movies. In the world I live in, though, Suzi guesses that the access code is the same number you always use: your collie's birthday. She hacks into the system and orders *Chain saw Cheerleaders* on pay-per-view.

The V chip is a well-meaning but deeply flawed attempt to help families screen the offerings of a medium run amuck. But there is a low-tech way to do the same thing. Granted, it doesn't have the TV makers or politicians behind it. But I'm thinking that we parents might screen our children's TV viewing by occasionally sitting with them, watching what they watch and making judgments about violence, sexual content, bad language and even gross behavior we'd prefer not to see imitated. When we're not home, we can instruct the sitter to let the kids watch only programs we've approved. If we have to have a V chip in our homes, it might as well be us. ■

For more about the V chip, see the vchipeducation.org website. You can send Amy an e-mail at timefamily@aol.com

OH, BEHAVE! Can't control your kids?

A slew of new state laws took effect last week that might make it easier. Louisiana is mandating politeness by requiring students to address teachers as "Sir" or "Ma'am." Utah teens are barred from driving between midnight and 5 a.m. To stop South Dakota children from smoking, the police can now fine them. And parents in Indiana and Tennessee must preapprove all body piercing.



MARK LIDDELL/SHUTTERSTOCK

DO GRANDPARENTS MATTER? You

might have to put those post-retirement plans on hold. The Census Bureau reported last week that the number of grandparents living with and caring for grandchildren under 18 soared to 3.9 million in 1997, up 77% since 1970. More than



KAZ NISHI/THE WIRE/SHUTTERSTOCK

5% of all children live in such arrangements. The trend is attributed to rising divorce rates, teen pregnancy, child abuse and incarceration of parents.

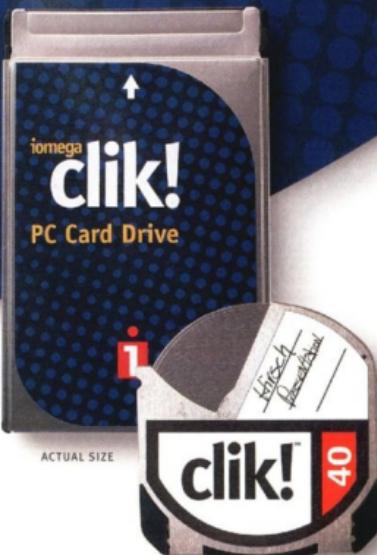
I DON'T A study released last week by the National Marriage Project at Rutgers University indicates that young people are increasingly pessimistic about achieving marital bliss. The percentage of high school girls who expect to stay married for life dropped from 68% in 1976 to 64% in 1995. Fifty-three percent say it is worthwhile to have a child out of wedlock, compared with 33% in 1976. Why? The study cites the growing economic independence of women and the rising number of divorcees who are wary of marriage.

—By Daniel S. Levy
Source: Rutgers University

WEDDING BLUES
Percentage high school girls who would be happier being married over not being married



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Christine Gorman

Change of Heart

A mitral-valve problem isn't as common—or as deadly—as your doctor might have told you

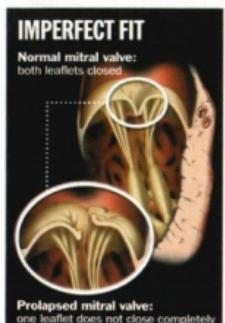
THE DRAMA BEGINS WITH A NOISE YOU CAN'T HEAR. Your doctor places a stethoscope over your chest and detects a faint murmur or a distinctive clicking sound whenever your heart contracts. "There may be something wrong with one of your valves," he says. "I'd like you to get some ultrasound tests." Seven days and several hundred dollars later, you learn you have mitral-valve prolapse, a condition in which the tiny flaps of tissue that keep blood from flowing backward between the chambers on the left side of the heart don't close completely.

Even though you feel fine, your insurance company jacks up your premiums, citing research from the past 20 years that shows you're at greater risk of dying suddenly or suffering a stroke. Your dentist makes you take antibiotics every time you get your teeth cleaned to prevent a potentially fatal infection of your defective valve. And your family starts treating you like an invalid.

At least you're not alone. There's a shelf full of medical reference books all in agreement that mitral-valve prolapse affects about 1 in 10 Americans—an estimated 27 million people—and is even more common among young women.

But guess what? The reference books, your insurance company and maybe even your dentist are wrong. Mitral-valve prolapse is neither as prevalent nor as dangerous as it has been portrayed, according to two studies in the current issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Although the more severe forms of the condition can cause life-threatening complications, most folks who have been told they have it can probably stop worrying about their tickers.

The new findings show how important it is for researchers to look at the whole population and not just patients in university hospitals, where the worst cases are usually referred. By examining a broad cross section of adults in the long-running Framingham Heart Study, Dr. Lisa Freed and her colleagues found only 2.4% of sub-



jects had mitral-valve prolapse and that half those cases consisted of less harmful variations on normal cardiac design. They also found the condition to be equally uncommon among women and men.

It turns out the anomaly is easy to misdiagnose. "Just because you have a click doesn't make you sick," says Dr. Robert Levine, a cardiologist at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston and a co-author of both of last week's reports. Because the mitral valve is shaped

like a saddle when the heart is beating—something that Levine discovered 10 years ago—an ultrasound scan can indicate a bulging of the valve where none actually exists. Since then he has determined that the front-to-back view is more reliable than the side-to-side one. (Both views are standard on ultrasound exams of the heart.)

If you've been told you have mitral-valve prolapse, it makes sense to ask your doctor to check again, particularly if it was diagnosed several years ago. That may be as simple as reviewing the tapes of your last ultrasound exam. If you do have mitral-valve prolapse but no thickening of the valves or backflow of blood into the left atrium, you probably don't need to take antibiotics before most dental procedures, according to the latest guidelines. Still, be sure to alert your doctor if you experience shortness of breath, a racing heartbeat or light-headedness. ■

For more on mitral-valve prolapse, visit our website at time.com/personal. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

SAFER SIZZLING It may be as American as apple pie, but barbecuing can also produce cancer-causing compounds. Now there is a tasty alternative. Researchers report that marinating beef before grilling—they chose Hawaiian teriyaki and Indian turmeric-garlic marinades—can reduce carcinogens as much as 67%. The meat was marinated overnight, but researchers think just an hour or two may suffice.



THE REAL SKINNY Eating disorders may be serious, but they are not incurable. A seven-year study of women ages 15 to 34 finds that 74% of bulimics (who binge on food and then throw up) eventually stop the behavior altogether, and 99% curtail it somewhat. Anorexics (who basically starve themselves) can get better too, though fewer do. About a third fully recover, and 83% begin eating enough to put at least some pounds back on.

BAD NEWS

UP IN SMOKE As if there weren't enough reasons to quit, a new study links smoking during pregnancy to serious psychological problems in children. Prepubescent boys whose moms smoked are four times as likely to steal, set fires, lie or exhibit other aggressive behavior. Adolescent girls, meanwhile, are five times as likely to abuse drugs. Why? One theory is that nicotine may affect the developing brain.

HIDDEN HEPATITIS Contracting hepatitis C is bad enough. Now Italian researchers report that one-third of the hepatitis C patients they studied also harbored the hepatitis B virus—even though it didn't show up on a standard blood test. Carrying both infections makes treatment more difficult and increases the odds of complications like cirrhosis of the liver, or even death.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources—Good News: Nutrition and Cancer (Upcoming issue); Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry (7/99); Bad News: JACAP (7/99); New England Journal of Medicine (7/1/99).

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ESSAY

Molly Ivins

It's a Jumble Out There

America is a sweet land of confusion. We should be proud of that

SINCE THIS IS THE WEEK OF OUR 223RD NATIONAL BIRTHDAY, celebration is called for, and I'd like to celebrate ... us. It's fun to catalog the lovable stuff about Americans, especially since we have no shortage of public scolds telling us our morals have gone to hell, our families are falling apart, our kids are spoiled rotten, our government can't do anything right, and we are, in short, the sorriest bunch of decadents since the palmy days of the late Roman Empire.

Actually, I think Americans, on the whole, are amazingly nice and often funny too. Personally, I like us a lot. Our media so constantly inform us of the latest in rapine, pillage and murder, we tend to forget what a remarkable number of swell folks live here.

So here's a salute to the Americans who make waitresses laugh and to the ones who pick up litter on the beach, the ones who stop to help the ones who have flat tires, the ones who return wallets, the ones who pick and sing for fun and the ones who run the Fritos pie booth at the PTA school fair. Here's to the clerks who say, "Now you have a nice day, hear?" and mean it, and to the ones who say wryly, "If it was a snake, it would've bit you." Here's to whale savers and the wolf lovers and all the lovely birders. Here's to the citizens who organize the parades and the beauticians who volunteer to do the ladies' hair at the old folks' home. Here's to the people who make a lot of pickle relish and give some to their neighbors. Here's to the blue-haired ladies who put rhinestone collars on their miniature poodles and all the kids who wear their baseball hats on backwards. Here's to the break dancers and the rappers and the rock groups with names like Throbbing Cristle. And to the barbershop quartets sticking firmly to *Sweet Adeline*.

And even a salute to the finger waggers and Jeremiahs, who remind me of Vera Carp of Tuna, Texas. She used to say, "You will act like a Christian, or I will slap the snot out of you."

I've never understood why England is considered the great nation for eccentrics—in the U.S. of A. we have a world-class set.

We've got folks who believe in flying saucers, horoscopes, the lottery, pyramid power, that John F. Kennedy was killed

by the CIA and that you can get AIDS off toilet seats. We've got people convinced that they were Cleopatra in another life, that Elvis lives and that the flat tax is a good idea. We've got self-improvers out the wazoo, just im-

provin' themselves up a storm. We've got people who live for bingo, people dedicated to ballroom dancing as a way of life, people passionate about Fiestaware and people whose world revolves around Civil War re-enactments.

As the poet Marianne Moore once observed, "It is an honor to witness so much confusion."

Our democracy is under a slight cloud, on account of the President was recently impeached over 10 oral encounters, which was a little odd. But how else would we have found out the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court gets his fashion sense from Gilbert and Sullivan operas? We live in a great nation.

I am particularly fond of our habit of polling ourselves to find out how dumb we are. Almost weekly you can find the papers reporting some study that shows Americans know squat about history or geography or our own Constitution. Then we all clap our hands to our foreheads and bemoan the national dumbness once more. The most recent studies show that 72.6% of Americans believe Alexis de Tocqueville never should have divorced Blake Carrington and 94.7% think Chad is a men's cologne.

Crime is down, school scores are up and there is no baseball strike. We're no longer bombing the Serbs to make them quit killing the Kosovars, our first ever "humanitarian war." Latrell Sprewell has made a comeback, and no one in boxing has bitten anyone else's ear off lately. Henry Kissinger was not named Humanitarian of the Year this year. True, the President was caught diddling an intern at the White House, but all that happened was it cost Newt Gingrich his job. You think any other country could come up with a scenario like that? Could Canada put on such a show? Let's hear it for us.

So here's to America, from sea to shining sea. The full-throated roar of the people exercising their right to free speech is a little deafening at times; democracy does require a considerable tolerance for diversity and some fondness for dissent. But if we liked everything in perfect order, we'd be Germans. Personally, I think the Founders were right all along, but that the results are a lot funnier than they intended. I move a vote of gratitude that we live in a nation where so much confusion is allowed. God bless Americans.

Before our engineers design
our cars, our racing programs
design our engineers.

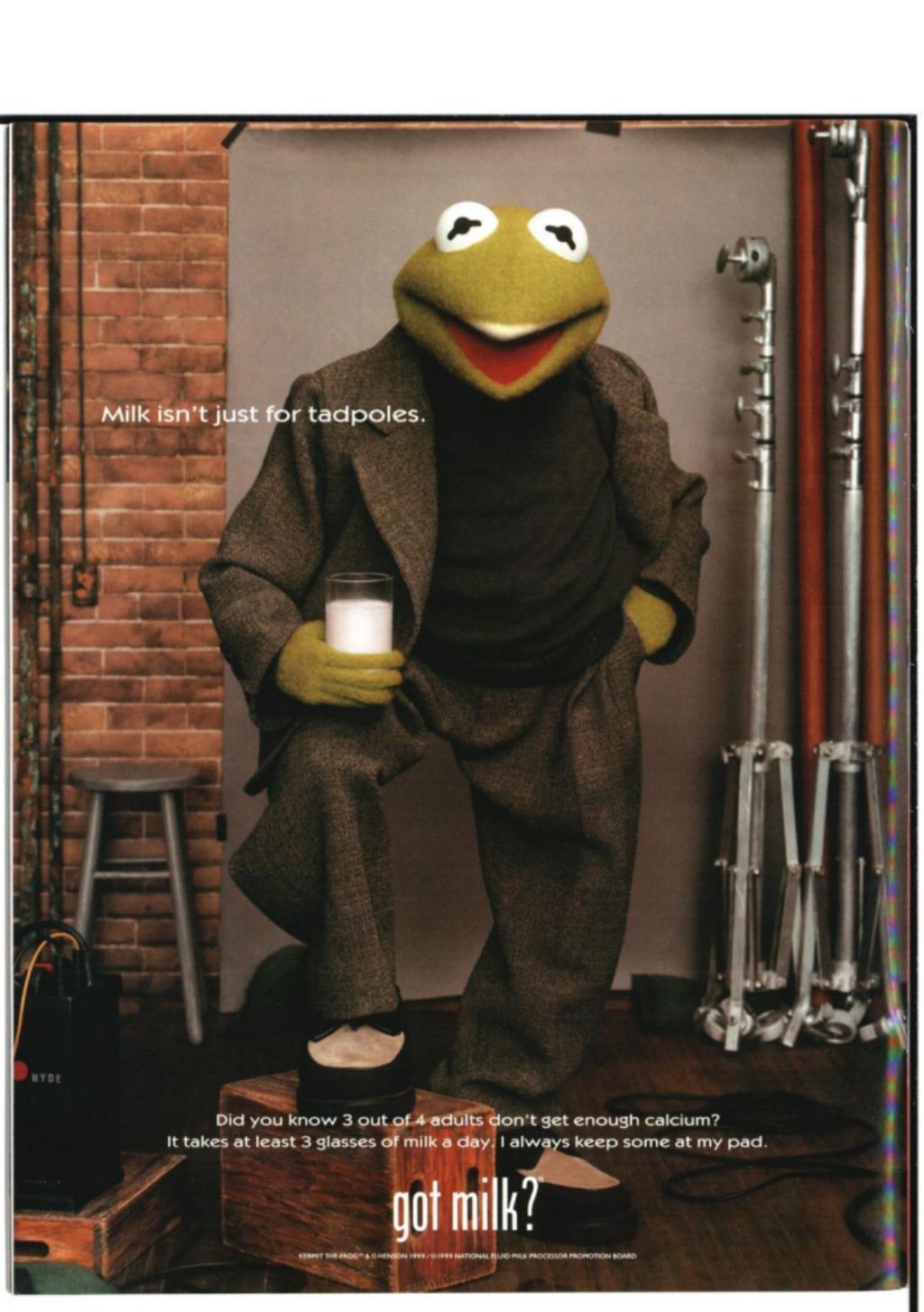


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HONDA
Thinking.

A photograph of Kermit the Frog, the green frog from Sesame Street, standing in what appears to be a backstage or rehearsal room. He is wearing a dark brown double-breasted suit jacket over a dark ribbed shirt. He is smiling and holding a clear glass filled with white milk in his right hand. His left hand is tucked into his trouser pocket. The background features a brick wall on the left, a stool, and some equipment stands on the right.

Milk isn't just for tadpoles.

Did you know 3 out of 4 adults don't get enough calcium?
It takes at least 3 glasses of milk a day. I always keep some at my pad.

got milk?

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